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SHEFFIELD.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1112. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 9, 1911. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

"COALS UP, MUM. £28 A TON TO-DAY."

COAL, like everything else this winter, is rising, and talk of a national coal strike makes the outlook more gloomy than ever. The housewife may consider herself lucky, however, that she hasn't got to pay the prices the Navy has to, for instance.

When a ship wants coal on a distant station—as China—then it has to pay for it at a shilling a shovelful! Even in home waters £4 and upwards a ton is paid for Dreadnought coals.

The London housewife may console herself that coal is cheaper here than in any other capital in the world. In New York £2 to £2 10s. a ton is an average price for coal. In Paris, Welsh anthracite costs £3 to £4 a ton, and in some of the poorer parts it is made up in pieces of a uniform size. These pieces are sold by number, and in this way the poorer Parisians pay as much as 10s. a cwt. for their coal.

At lighthouse stations, where it is extremely difficult to land the coal, extortionate prices are often paid. The average lighthouse keeper reckons himself lucky if he can get off by paying £5 a ton.

South Africa is the place for literally burning money, however. Some years ago Welsh coal fetched £28 a ton! Luckily for those living there nowadays, however, native coal is used, so prices have gone down a bit. Still, after all is said and done, the British housewife pays less to keep the fire going than do her sisters in "furrin" parts.

CHANGE OF FRONT.

THE other day a visitor surprised a distinguished professor, who was saying to his baby:

"On-ny, no-ny, 'e mussy tick his footsy-footsies——"

Just then he caught sight of the visitor, blushed, and muttered:

"No, no; you must not expose your pedal extremities by extending them beyond the protective covering of the blankets, or you will lay your system open to attacks of catarrhal affection."

SWINDLING NEW MAYORS.

PUBLIC men have always to be on their guard against swindlers. These men can find out all about their intended victims so easily, and can study their weaknesses so well, that it is a wonder that any public man escapes losing money in one way or another.

The following ingenious swindle was worked on the many new mayors a few years ago. Lists of prospective mayors are always published in the papers a week or so before November 9th. In this case the rascal took up his residence in London, and wrote to every prospective mayor whose name he could get hold of as follows:

> Dear Sir,—I am compiling a book on the mayors of the United Kingdom. If you will forward me the name of your school, and any further particulars you may care to, I shall be greatly obliged.

The great majority replied to this letter, many giving very full particulars of themselves. With his sheaf of replies the swindler went to Portsmouth, and from there wrote to each new mayor saying, "I went to such and such a school" (naming the mayor's school), "and I am writing to you as an old schoolfellow to ask you if you could help me to the extent of £10." The letter running on to tell a tale of distress, bad health and so on. Mayors at the time of their election to their new honours always feel generous-hearted. They rarely refuse to help their old "schoolfellow" down on his luck, and the money, or part of it, is sent along.

The ingenious rascal netted many hundreds of pounds before he was finally given accommodation in one His Majesty's prisons.

THESE DARK MORNINGS.

A GENTLEMAN in the habit of breakfasting early each morning was aroused in the darkness of the night by his wife telling him she was afraid burglars were in the house.

Listening intently, suspicious sounds undoubtedly proceeded from the dining-room immediately underneath.

Without waiting to dress, he courageously descended the stairs, armed with the bedroom poker, and, seeing a light through the crack of the door, proceeded to rush in with a loud:

"What are you doing there?"

"Oh, lor, sir! How you frightened me!" exclaimed Mary Ann, the housemaid, who was preparing the room for breakfast.

Tableau and precipitate flight of courageous householder!

"SIGNOR TRAPEZARO'S hand slipped last night, and he dropped his wife while they were performing on the high swings."

"What did she do?"

"Sued him for not supporting her."

"MR. TILLINGHAST left me £50,000," remarked the interesting widow to young Hilow.

"My dear Mrs. Tillinghast," replied Hilow, "you should husband your resources."

"Oh, Frank, dear, this is so sudden! But are you really sure you love me?"

A BAD FIT.

No sound disturbed them, all around
The atmosphere was calm;
He took the proffered gloveless hand
And held it in his palm.

Her fingers rested slim and white
For one brief moment there;
What joy to be so near this maid
Whose beauty was so rare!

But yet he uttered naught of love,
His face showed no delight;
He merely said: "I think you'll find
Size six will be all right!"

"I MAY be over careful," she said as she hid the plated spoons and her curling-irons in the bottom of her trunk before she went out shopping. "But I can't bear to run any risks." Then she pinned her gold watch to the outside of her dress by a blue ribbon and went out into the crowd.

"STATISTICS show that a marriage takes place in this country every half-second," said the learned-looking gent.

"Dear, dear me," sighed the elderly maiden. "And Timothy has been coming to see me for thirteen years!"

A ROYAL SUPERSTITION.

CANTERBURY Cathedral, like most Gothic cathedrals, is decorated with innumerable niches for statues. At Canterbury a series of these niches is occupied with statues of kings and queens of England, and there are only four niches left unoccupied.

An old tradition has it that when all the niches are filled, the Throne of England will come to an end. Queen Victoria was approached with a view to a statue of herself being placed in one of the four remaining niches, but her late Majesty was aware of the old tradition, and refused.

One wonders whether in the future there will be four monarchs of England sufficiently indifferent to superstition to defy the tradition and allow their effigies to fill the unoccupied spaces.

"FLU" FOLLOWS HOT SUMMERS.

ONE of the results of a hot summer is an epidemic of the "flu." Already a large number of people have been laid up with it, and doctors predict that the next few months will see a bad epidemic of this much-dreaded malady.

After a hot summer an epidemic almost always follows. In 1891 there were hundreds of cases, following a fine summer; 1893 was hot, and influenza followed in the autumn and winter months; 1895 there was a particularly severe outbreak all over the kingdom, after a brilliant summer. The summer of 1899 was a very hot one, and that year no fewer than 12,417 people died of influenza.

The "flu" is worse in London than any other city. People go about and do their ordinary work during the first stages, and infect hundreds of people they come in contact with. Moreover, if there is an outbreak in Paris, St. Petersburg, or any other of the great European cities, then London gets it a few days afterwards.

There is no definite cure for influenza. Warmth is the best thing of all. Go straight to bed, take a good dose of quinine, and send for the doctor. Don't keep up and try and fight the disease. That is the fatal mistake too many people make. The result is they are carried to bed, where they have to stay for a week or two.

Remember that the worst enemies of the "flu" are quinine and the doctor, and you will be all right this winter.

"I WISH Jack would write his figures plainer. I can't possibly tell from his letter whether it is 1,000 or 10,000 kisses that he sends me."

ONLY A STORY.

A BIG-GAME hunter and his brother recently spent a year in and about the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles, one bullet, and one keg of powder. With these they say they killed on an average twenty-seven head of buffaloes a day. The fact that they did all this with one bullet led to the following cross-questions:

"How did you kill all these buffaloes with only one bullet?"

"Well, we shot a buffalo; I stood on one side, and my brother on the other. Brother fired; the ball passed into the barrel of my rifle. We kept up the hunt for twelve months, killing nearly two hundred buffaloes a week, and yet brought home the same ball we started with!"

"I DIDN'T know you had any idea of marrying her."

"I hadn't. The idea was hers."

FRAUDS IN FOOD.

A SAMPLE of cheap cocoa that was tested by a Government analyst last year was found to contain 10½ ounces of sugar and starch to the pound; 5 ounces of cocoa husk, and only half an o[illegible] pure cocoa.

This is only one case of many; food [illegible] is shamefully prevalent in this coun[illegible] the staple articles of our diet being tam[illegible]

Of the milk samples examined last year [illegible] cent. were adulterated; of butter, 7 per ce[illegible] of cocoa, 10 per cent.; of sugar, 8 per cent., an[illegible] so on. Jam, potted meat and fish, tinned and bottled fruits show even more alarming results, and, owing to the weak state of our present food laws, adulteration is on the increase.

It affects the pocket of every man and woman in the country; and is a danger to the health of every household. Read for yourself a full account of the present alarming state of things in a striking article, "Frauds in Food," which appears in the November number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Money, Stylo Pens, Scissors, Cigar Cutters, Briar Pipes, and Watches offered in this week's footlines.

Merry and Bright

A TOPICAL FABLE.

THE Chinese Empire, now in a state of chaos, is, according to Mr. Ian C. Hannah, little more than a gigantic bit of bluff. It looks very big and terrible, but in reality it is all outward show, and the great empire is at the mercy of its first determined opponent. In his book on "Eastern Asia," Mr. Hannah compares it to the donkey in an ancient fable.

A monkey, the fable runs, was captured by a tiger.

"Oh, spare me!" cried the monkey. "I am thin and my flesh does not taste good. But I know where there is a fine, fat donkey."

The tiger consented to spare the monkey's life on condition that he led him to where the donkey was tied. When the donkey saw them coming he was terribly frightened, but he tried to appear calm and bawled in a masterful tone:

"Monkey, you used to bring me two tigers! Why only one to-day?"

The tiger did a record hustle back to the jungle.

DEEP HATRED.

MR. CHAMP CLARK, the United States politician who is so very cross because Canada rejected reciprocity, tells a story of the bitter enmity that used to exist between two American towns, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

At a dinner in St. Paul he was called upon to make a speech, and as all orators in St. Paul were expected to say something spiteful about Minneapolis, he called attention to the reckless driving in the streets of the latter town.

"Why," he declared, "I have even heard that ten inhabitants of Minneapolis are killed in street accidents every twenty-four hours."

A bitter voice interrupted from the back of the hall:

"Well, it ain't enough!"

A "HARD LABOUR" DISPUTE.

ALL hope is now abandoned!

One hears that even until quite recently the convicts in the various prisons were still hoping King George would celebrate his Coronation by reducing their sentences. This little incident comes from Portland.

"Is there any remission?" asked one convict.

"No," said the warder.

"Why not?"

"Well," the warder explained, "you got six months knocked off at the Accession, you've only five months now to run, and if you got another six months knocked off you'd leave to-morrow and be sending in a claim for a month's overtime!"

TOO DRAMATIC.

A FUNNY story comes from a Birkenhead church. The other Sunday morning the minister based his sermon on the story of the Flood, and he told the great story with an unusual amount of dramatic eloquence. He came to the part where Noah received the heavenly command to open the doors of the Ark.

"Open these doors!" he called in a voice of thunder.

Instantly one of the doorkeepers, who had been dozing through the sermon, sprang to his feet, hurried up the aisle, and flung open the doors.

The congregation, one regrets to add, giggled.

WOMAN!

...M SELFE, at the West London County ...d a solicitor the other day for speaking ...t as a "woman." His Honour seemed ...k that the client in question, being the ... of a colonel, should have been referred to as ... "lady."

The incident has attracted some little attention elsewhere, and in conection with it the story of John Brown, a certain haughty duchess, and Queen Victoria has been recalled, but not quite correctly. Perhaps it is worth while to give the true version.

Her late Majesty, while in residence at Balmoral, desired the presence of the duchess in question, and sent her faithful Brown to fetch her. But the duchess was not to be found. After a frantic search in all likely places he suddenly caught sight of her at the end of a corridor.

He dashed after her, and caught her arm anxiously.

"Come awa!" he cried. "Ye're the vera wumman I'm lookin' for. The Queen wants ye."

The indignant duchess entered the Royal presence in a fury, declaring that she had been insulted. The Queen demanded particulars, and the duchess explained that John Brown had called her "Woman."

The wise old Queen regarded the complainant gravely for a moment. Then she asked: "And what are you?"

ABASED!

SOME good "howlers" have come to light lately in the annual education reports.

One youth informs us, in reply to different questions, that: "A cow has a pulse as well as anybody else, but you cannot feel it at its wrist"; and that: "William the Conqueror was the first of the Mormons!"

An Irish boy, during a Scripture examination, was asked: "What will become of the proud man?"

"He'll be turned into an animal," was the prompt reply.

"An animal! What makes you say that?" asked the puzzled teacher.

To which came the explanation: "Shure, sorr, the Bible says that he that exhalteth himself shall be a baste!"

THE PREVAILING CRAZE.

ANOTHER "howler" comes from a school in the neighbourhood of Fulham.

The teacher had been explaining at great length the difference between certain words. She gave "dream" and "reverie" and asked for sentences containing these words.

One small hand went up.

"Well, Johnnie, give me a sentence with the word 'dream' in it."

"I had a dream last night," said Johnnie.

"Good! Now a sentence with 'reverie' in it."

"The reverie," replied Johnnie in a glow of pride, "blew his whus'le an' stopped the game!"

OH, HORRID!

EVERYBODY will regret to hear that the Earl of Cavan's health is causing anxiety; it is, in fact, owing to his illness that he and the countess have given up the idea of going to the Durbar. The earl is a fine all-round sportsman, and he has upheld the reputation of his family, the Lamberts, for sportsmanship and originality.

The originality of some members of his lordship's family has taken unusual forms. For instance, his mother was a confirmed smoker even before the cigarette became popular amongst ladies. One recalls a story of her cigarette-smoking propensities.

She paid a visit to a cottager on the estate one day, and, after sitting down, she asked the cottager's wife if she might smoke.

"Oh, yes, my lady, certainly!" was the reply; then, to Lady Cavan's horror, she whispered to one of her children: "Mary, bring her ladyship your father's spittoon!"

TERSE.

MR. OSWALD STOLL, who is mainly responsible for the beautiful production of *Sumurun* at the Savoy, is a very brave man. Opinions differ as to the interest or lack of it in *Sumurun*, but there can be no doubt as to its artistic beauty, and for this we owe Mr. Stoll much thanks. All the same, it was a risky and a plucky experiment to introduce the play into England, and one doubts whether any of Mr. Stoll's fellow-managers would have dared.

One heard a good story of him the other day. He was in the midst of an enormous mass of work, and orders had been given that he was not to be disturbed. One of his managers had been told to go to Bristol on certain business, and he didn't want to go. He thought he would make a final appeal to Mr. Stoll himself.

About eleven o'clock he sent into the board-room a little note: "Is it *absolutely necessary* for me to go to Bristol?"

Three seconds later the reply was handed to him. It ran: "11.30. O.S."

He just caught it.

Provoking Pars

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column, and one of the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for each paragraph used. If there is more than one similar paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown this week is won by Mr. W. ..., 62 Fifth Avenue, Harrow Road, W.

GOING FOR A RUN.

A MAN has to run round a square field. He does the first side, which is 200 yards, in 30 secs. and the second side in 40 secs.

What is the length of the second side?

Solution below.

THE WEEK'S QUEER LIMERICK.

A SMART young fisher named Fischer
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;
  A fish with a grin,
  Pulled the fisherman in.
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

ROUND THE POND.

SUPPOSE there was a pond around which four poor men built their houses, and suppose also four rich men also afterwards built houses around the pond, as shown.

Suppose one of the rich men wished to have all the pond to themselves, how could they build a high wall in one section, to shut out the poor men? *Solution below.*

ON WOMAN.

WHEN Eve brought "woe" to all mankind,
  Old Adam called her "wo-man";
But when she "wooed" with love so kind,
  He then pronounced it "woo-man."

But now with folly and with pride,
  Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whim
  That people call them "whim-men."

TINS OF BEEF.

AN orderly issuing rations in the form of tins of beef gave at one tent the half of what he had and one half of a tin, without opening a tin. At the second tent he gave half of what he had left and a half tin, without opening a tin; and at the third tent he gave again half of what he had left and a half a tin without opening a tin. When he finished distributing he had one tin of beef left for himself.

What number of tins did he start with?

Solution below.

CAPITAL (LETTER) ADVICE.

LET him who wishes to X L
  Or who aspires to B most Y's,
Remember this: A Y's man O's
  Much of his wisdom to his I's.
And he must not his ears X O's,
  But E R's must hear and I's must C;
And he must all his senses U's,
  Who hopes a Y's man ere to B.
He who is rich may take his E's,
  But all things earthly must D K,
Wisdom succumbs not to D's E's,
  Secure it and be rich for A.

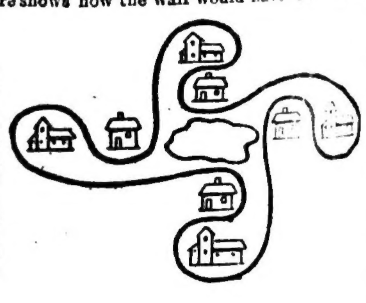
Solutions.

GOING FOR A RUN.

THE answer is 200 yards. You see, all sides of a square are equal, and he merely ran more slowly along the second side.

ROUND THE POND.

THIS picture shows how the wall would have to be built.



TINS OF BEEF.

THE Orderly started with 15 tins. He gave eight to the first tent; four to the second tent; two to the third tent, and he had one for himself.

£250 A WEEK

Offered in Football Skill Competition.

We have devised this Football Skill Competition for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

£425 IN PRIZES ALREADY AWARDED.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in sixteen matches to be played on Saturday, November 11th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave names of both teams in.

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

THE clubs whose names we give are all in the Football or Southern Leagues, and to guide you in preparing your forecasts you would be well advised to keep a record of their matches before you. The names of the players in these teams can also be ascertained, if you don't already know them.

There are many thousands of people so keenly interested in football that the doings of every prominent club and player are known to them, and the matches in which they are engaged are of as much interest to them as the news in a daily paper is to the ordinary reader.

These enthusiasts require no assistance from us in exercising their skill in choosing which they think will be the victorious teams, but to others, not conversant with the clubs and the players and their doings, we suggest that a handbook giving details of last season's play will be very helpful. The competitor who will gain is not the reader who guesses haphazard, but the one who bases his forecast on his knowledge of the capabilities of the teams engaged.

It must be clear, therefore, to you that it is necessary to exercise a considerable amount of skill to gain the prize.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.), in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, prospects of each club for the coming winter, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out, and each entry form must be signed by the competitor with his own name and address *in ink*. Where you forecast a *draw* don't cross out either.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "FOOTBALL No. 11," in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, November 10th.
3. Only one coupon may be sent by each reader.
4. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
5. Should no competitor give the correct result of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided, and in the event of two or more matches not being played the £250 will not be awarded.
6. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
7. The Editor does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
8. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
9. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

Pearson's Football Contest.

No. 11.

Matches to be played on Saturday, Nov. 11th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Sunderland	**v Bradford City**
Sheffield Wednesday	**v Oldham Athletic**
Bury	**v Sheffield United**
Middlesbro'	**v Newcastle United**
Bristol City	**v Clapton Orient**
Birmingham	**v Chelsea**
Huddersfield Town	**v Notts Forest**
Barnsley	**v Wolverhampton Wan.**
Derby County	**v Burnley**
Blackpool	**v Grimsby Town**
Southampton	**v Crystal Palace**
Plymouth Argyle	**v Norwich City**
New Brompton	**v Stoke**
Brentford	**v Northampton**
Queen's Park Rangers	**v Swindon**
Exeter City	**v Brighton and Hove A.**

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

WHAT WINNERS SAY.

Mr. G. E. Pepper, 21 Station Parade, Norbury, who recently won £25 in the Football Competition, writes:

"In regard to winning Pearson's Football Prize, I found your 'Pearson's Football Annual' a great help, and shall recommend it to friends."

Mr. A. Harrison, 3 Bream Street, Old Ford, winner of £25, writes:

"I am very pleased to say I use your 'Football Annual,' and find it a great help in selecting teams, which have enabled me to win your prize."

Mr. J. Lively, 57 The Side, Newcastle-on-Tyne, winner of £25, writes:

"I have had a copy of 'Pearson's Football Annual.' It has been very useful to me. Full of sterling information to those who follow football. I advise all to procure a copy. They will find all they want to know about all teams."

Mr. F. Tilby, 14 Hamilton Mews, St. John's Wood Road, winner of £12 10s., write:

"I must say your 'Annual' is a splendid guide to anyone entering your Football Competition."

RESULT OF CONTEST No. 8.

In this contest readers were invited to forecast the results of football matches played on Saturday, October 21st. The prize of £25 has been divided by A. HOOKER, White Horse, Vetter Lane, Holborn; DOUGLAS FINDLAY, Barns Green, Horsham; A. SHUFFLEBOTHAM, Crewe Road, Alsager, Stoke; W. J. SMART, 88 Bridport Road, Upper Edmonton, who had each only four incorrect results.

THE PALACE OF GLASS.

Some Odd Facts About the Crystal Palace that has Just Been Saved from Coming Under the Auctioneer's Hammer.

FIFTY miles of hot-water pipes are used to warm the Palace.

THE floor of the Palace is on a level with the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral.

IF the glass panes in the Palace were placed end to end they would extend to a distance of 242 miles.

THE late Mr. Charles Haddon Spurgeon once preached at the Palace to an audience of 23,000 people.

DURING the existence of the Palace more than one hundred million visitors have passed its turnstiles.

THE original Palace in Hyde Park was exactly 1,851 feet long, corresponding with the year of its opening.

WHEN fully turned on—which is seldom—the fountains in the Palace grounds use eight million gallons of water in one hour.

THE immensity of the task of building the Palace may be gauged from the fact that no fewer than 6,400 men were at work on it at one time.

THE Crystal Palace was originally built in Hyde Park for the Great Exhibition of 1851, being afterwards removed to its present site and re-erected.

A SECTION of the public, led on by the TIMES newspaper, was bitterly hostile to the Palace on its first inception, and that journal ironically suggested the Isle of Dogs as a suitable site for it.

MR. (afterwards Sir) JOSEPH PAXTON, who designed and built the Palace, was gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, and the germ of the idea came to him while he was working one day inside a large glass conservatory at Chatsworth.

WHEN the Palace was first opened, strongly diverse opinions were expressed as to its artistic beauty. Charles Dickens, voicing the popular view, wrote that there was nothing like it in fairyland. To which Ruskin retorted, with biting irony: "Mr. Dickens is quite right, *there isn't!*"

AT the first state opening of the Palace by Queen Victoria it was urged that the usual artillery salute should not be fired, the reason given being that the concussion would shiver the glass roof, and the company assembled below, including her Majesty, would be cut into mincemeat.

OWING to the novelty and peculiarity of its construction the number of fatal accidents during the building of the Palace was unusually large. The worst of all happened on August 15th, 1853, when twelve men were dashed to pieces through the collapse of some scaffolding.

DURING the twenty-three weeks that the Palace remained standing in Hyde Park, it was visited by 6,170,000 people. The largest number in any one day was 109,700, which was the first time in the history of the world that so many hum[illegible] had been assembled under one roof.

THE Palace has twice been in imm[illegible] destruction, once by fire, when one [illegible] down, and once by flood, when one [illegible] tanks on top of the flanking towe[illegible] 750 tons of water were precipitate[illegible] to the ground, causing immense da[illegible]

AMONGST the foreign royalties [illegible] entertained in state at the Palace [illegible] the late Emperor of the French a[illegible] Eugénie, the Khedive of Egypt, t[illegible] Aziz of Turkey, the late Tsar of [illegible] and Queen of Greece, and the late S[illegible]

DIRE were the predictions of th[illegible]mongers when the design for the Palace was made public. The first gale, they said, would inevitably wreck it, while the heat engendered by the sun pouring its rays upon the domed glass roof would be so terrific that no human beings could withstand it, consequently, if they escaped an avalanche of glass they would be roasted to death inside the case.

Therefore can you tell me "Why is 'Pearson's Weekly' like a penny?" ☞

The Amusing Tale of a Would-be Chemist.

By WALTER WOODYATT.

I was feeling rather downcast the first time that I saw him. Jenkins, the old apprentice, had just left our small town, and I liked Jenkins. He was a decent chap who was prepared to learn, and who wasn't afraid of work; a combination of virtues not often found in apprentices.

The card prominently displayed in the window, "Apprentice Wanted, Premium Required," made me feel depressed. There were three of us, the old man, Stone, who did nothing but potter about and occasionally shake hands with customers; his daughter, who did the dispensing; and myself. Miss Jennie was fully qualified, and could knock a bottle of medicine together, or make a batch of pills, with any man.

I was busy dusting the front counter when a taxi-cab drew up at the door, and out sprang a young gentleman of about twenty-six years of age.

"Ah—er, Mr. Stone?" he asked.

"No," I said, "do you want to see Mr. Stone personally?"

"Well, yes," he replied, "I think I do."

I asked what name I should give my employer, but he said that the boss would not know his name, which was "Er—Smith, James Smith." It seemed strange to me that any man should give his name as though he had to think a bit before he could remember it, but, however, I fetched the old man. As Smith asked to have a word in private they went together into the office behind the shop.

Very soon, hearing the old man shout "Mr. Tomkins," I went to join them. I found my employer looking quite astounded about something, whilst Smith sat gazing into the crown of his silk hat.

"Now, Mr. Smith," said the governor, "will you kindly repeat your rather singular suggestion to Mr. Tomkins? After all, he has the most to do with the matter, so just tell him what it is you propose."

"It's just this way," said the young fellow, in an offhand manner, that was wanting in respect, I thought, "it's necessary that I should learn some trade, and I thought it would be nice to be a chemist. Nice gentlemanly sort of thing, and not much work, you know."

"But," I said, "I don't understand."

"What I gather," broke in the old gentleman, "is that this young man wants to come here as apprentice."

"Great Scott!" I said, "he looks nearly as old as I do."

"That is unfortunately true," Smith said sadly, "but I must learn something. I've got a little bit of money, but I must work, and I should like to come here."

I didn't altogether like the idea of having an apprentice so old, particularly one who entertained such strange notions of a chemist's life. It *is* gentlemanly, but there is plenty of work.

Miss Jennie was out when Smith called, and was highly indignant when she heard the age of the new apprentice.

"Still," she said, "it didn't matter to her, but she'd take good care that he wasn't often in the dispensary." She was quite scarlet with vexation, and went upstairs in a huff.

Smith was to start the following Monday, and on that day he turned up punctually at nine o'clock. He came again in a taxi-cab, wearing a morning coat and silk hat.

"Here we are, Simpkins, I mean Tomkins," he said, and rushed into the shop like a cyclone.

"Look here, Smith," I said icily, "if you are coming here as apprentice, you must behave decently. It is not usual for apprentices to address the manager by his surname."

"Oh, be reasonable, man," he replied, "how in the world should I know your Christian name?"

He went straight into the dispensary, and I heard Miss Jennie cry out:

"How dare you come in here, sir?"

I hurried through to explain.

"It's all right, Miss Jennie," I cried, "this is the new apprentice, Mr. Smith."

I never saw her look so annoyed, while Smith was actually smiling. She looked at him for a moment quite speechless, and then marched off with her chin in the air. As to Smith, his eyes were dancing. That maddened me, and I spoke strongly about the respect he ought to show to the daughter of his master. I had just finished when she came back, evidently determined to make the best of a bad bargain.

"Mr. Tomkins," she said sweetly, "would you mind showing Smith where the black sulphur is kept? I should like him to weigh up for me four pounds of it in one ounce packets."

I took him upstairs into the drug room, weighed out four pounds of the black powder, gave him paper and string, and left him.

But I must confess that when I thought of his get-up I had misgivings; his trousers and waistcoat were so very light coloured. That there was no need for anxiety, I discovered about two hours later, when the errand boy, as black as a tinker, carefully deposited sixty-four packages upon the counter. I wanted him to take some medicines out, and a nice state he was in! It was a bit too much of a good thing, and I rushed upstairs to give Smith a bit of my mind. There he was, sitting on a bag of hops, smoking a cigar, and as clean as a new pin.

"What do you mean, Smith," I said angrily, "messing that kid up to the eyes like that?"

"I didn't," he said, "He's a smart lad and did it all himself."

"But you were told to do it, not him."

"Mr. Tomkins, sir," he said, "my Aunt Mary, of blessed memory, used to say to me, 'James, you cannot touch pitch without being defiled,' and I thought of Aunt Mary, Mr. Tomkins, sir."

I could make no sense of the fellow, so I just left him there grinning. But when I told Miss Jennie about it, she nearly cried with vexation.

We found him a handful! To get to the drug room you have to pass through the dispensary. Now, if ever I wanted anything fetched down, Smith would volunteer to go for it, but he never seemed to get beyond the dispensary. He would stop there, and ask Miss Jennie to "guess what Tomkins wanted." After she had mentioned nearly every drug in the shop, he would forget what I had sent him for! If she suggested asking me, he would say firmly:

"No, I'll just sit here for a bit, and it's certain to come to me. I'm always like that, I forget a thing, but if I wait long enough it always comes back."

I've known him wait an hour before it has come back, while I've been waiting and fuming in the shop.

I couldn't make him out at all, he seemed to do such silly things. I felt sure that Miss Jennie did not like him, yet I must confess that I couldn't help taking to the chap, though he'd never make a chemist if he lived to be a thousand. He was always most respectful to me, and I've often seen Miss Jennie smile with approval when he addressed me as "Mr. Tomkins, sir." He had a *very* taking way with him.

He got to the last week of his trial month. Of course, I had decided long since that that week should end our business acquaintanceship. As I say, he'd never make a chemist, not mind you that he was short of ability.

I was just going into the dispensary when I heard Miss Jennie say: "Here, hold that."

Then to my surprise, instead of taking the measure she was offering him, he took hold of her hand.

"Don't be stupid," she said, "but take it and give it to the boy."

"Thanks," said Smith, "I'd rather keep it, if I may."

"If you don't behave," she said, "I'll call Tomkins."

"Do," he said, "I love Tomkins." That touched me I must confess.

She had evidently forgotten he was holding her hand. As for me I couldn't stir, but neither of them saw me standing in the doorway.

"I want to see Tomkins," went on Smith, "I want to ask him to be my best man."

"Your what?" exclaimed Miss Jennie.

"My best man," said Smith, "I'm going to be married."

"Oh!" she said faintly. "And whom are you going to marry?"

"I'm going to marry the nicest girl in the world, and I met her at Eastbourne last year."

"I wonder if I know her," she said, almost in a whisper, "I spent three months at Eastbourne last year."

"And I know she loves me," he went on, "although she won't admit it, and at times has treated me cruelly."

"Then don't you think you're a bit previous in concluding that she does love you?" asked Miss Jennie.

"There's no doubt about that," he answered confidently.

Well, now, this was not the sort of conversation to be going on in a pharmacy, so I coughed loudly. Neither of them looked pleased to see me. However, I just put the question I had come to ask: "Has [illegible] sent Pratt out, Miss Jennie?"

"Yes," she said, "do you want him?"

"Well," I said, "the front window wants [illegible]"

Miss Jennie looked at Smith thoughtfully.

"Doesn't the apprentice do that when the [illegible] boy is out?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "Jenkins used to do it some[illegible]"

Miss Jennie still looked at Smith.

"Oh, I say, Miss Stone, you don't mean to [illegible] that I should clean the window?" he asked.

She nodded gravely. "It will come in u[illegible] know, when you are married."

I handed him a bucket and a wash-leather.

But he never finished cleaning that [illegible], although I must confess he was game enough [illegible] carried it through. It was the young squire [illegible] responsible for the interruption. Smith did [illegible] him, he was too busy, but he saw Smith, and [illegible] quick glance, he clapped his handkerchief to his [illegible], and walked into the shop.

"Tomkins," he gasped, "tell me quick: Wh[illegible] cleaning your window?"

"That, sir," I replied, "is the new appren[illegible]"

"New apprentice! Good Heavens!" And he stagered about the shop gasping for breath in a most alarming manner.

"Could I use your telephone a moment, T[illegible]?" And, on my assenting, I heard him call the number of the Hall, and after a few words, add: "Tell [illegible] as possible to cram in, and come at once."

A little later, a motor-car full of people drew up opposite the shop. Smith just looked at the grinning faces, and calmly went on cleaning. As to [illegible] they divided the time between laughing, making suggestions to his terms, and giving advice as to the best way of obtaining a polish. But Smith went on cleaning quite unconcerned, while quite a crowd gathered round, all of them offering gratuitous advice.

Miss Jennie had looked amused at the start, but when she saw the fun that Smith was causing, she seemed very much annoyed.

At last, going to the door, she called:

"Mr. Burton, I think the window will do now."

"But," he said, polishing vigorously, "if I can tell the girl whom I am to marry that I can clean a window, she may admit then that she likes me, if only on the strength of my domestic accomplishments."

"Oh, Jim, do come inside, I'll admit anything if you will."

The motor went off with its grinning consignment, and Miss Jennie fled to the dispensary. Smith rushed after her, and there they stayed for some little time.

Mr. Stone came in just then, and was making straight for the dispensary, when fortunately they both came out. Miss Jennie's hair, I thought, looked rather crumpled. Smith, as usual appeared quite cool.

"Father," said Miss Jennie, running to him, "this is Mr. Burton. He's a barrister."

"Oh," said the old man bewildered, "I thought his name was Smith?"

"Well," said Smith, or Burton, "I'm afraid I owe you an apology for my somewhat irregular conduct. You see, I met Jennie at Eastbourne last year, and asked her to marry me. She refused on the ground of insufficient knowledge of me. It was really that girl in the window that did the mischief. I knew she assisted in the business, and thought that if she could only see me every day for a month, it would give me a chance. I have only to say that I have Jennie's admission that my optimistic view of things was justified."

"Hum!" said the old man. "Jennie, lass, do you love this young fellow?"

"Yes, father," she said, blushing.

He turned to Mr. Burton:

"Was there any truth in what you told me about your impoverished condition?"

"No, I'm afraid not," said Burton. "I have an income of £1,500 a year left to me by my father."

The old man looked at Jennie.

"I want only my little girl's happiness," he said, "and you must settle it together. But oh, lad," he added quite brokenly, "treat my lassie well."

"God helping me," said Burton earnestly, "I will."

And there, at any rate, he did speak the truth. A happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Burton could not be found in England to-day. As to old man Stone, he fairly crazes the customers with his talk about "my son James." Still, I must say that Mr. Burton is a very decent chap.

FOOTBALL EXCITEMENT.

"Off-side, there, off-side!" yelled an excited spectator on Saturday afternoon.

"Off-side, be hanged! There's three players in front of him!" retaliated another of opposing sympathies. "What more does ta want? Tha' should larn th' rules o' th' game."

"Larn th' rules, does ta say? I'll let [illegible] know I hev th' rules in mi pocket."

"Tha might hev th' rules in thi pocket, but they're no good theer; tha' wants to hev 'em in thi yed, mon."

LADIES

should watch the London

Daily Express

every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.

On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

For the best reasons I will give five Dwarf stylo pens. Mark postcards "Copper." (See page 484.)

Mr. JOSEPH COYNE,

the well-known Actor, who has announced his intention of leaving the Stage as soon as he can, sheds a Little Light on his Youthful Misdeeds.

My dreadful past! Ah, dreadful, indeed! And perhaps it is still more dreadful to reflect that when I recall my youthful wickednesses, I find it extremely difficult to stir up the faintest trace of repentance. I started my career of crime at an early age. One Fourth of July I was given a dollar with which to buy fireworks to celebrate Independence Day. I remember the occasion vividly—and so do a number of other people!

Most of my dollar I spent on large "cannons" that went off with a tremendous bang, and after I had, as I thought, fired them all off, I found one that had got mislaid. I wandered about the house looking for somebody or something to scare. I thought of the cat. By and by I peeped into a room and saw it lying asleep on my grandmother's lap, while she, poor old lady, sat placidly knitting.

Put the Cannon Under Her Chair.

Thought I, it would be a good idea to kill two birds with one cannon, so to speak, so I lit the fuse and sidled round behind her and dropped the cannon quietly under her chair.

"What are you doing?" she asked suspiciously. (People were generally suspicious when I was in the neighbourhood in those days—I couldn't think why! The atmosphere of suspicion used sometimes to hurt my feelings.)

"Nothing," I answered, and answered truthfully, for by that time, you'll please notice, I had finished my share in the business and was disengaged.

I had intended to slip out of the room again and retire to some secluded spot to listen for the bang and the subsequent upheaval, but the fuse burned more quickly than I had bargained for, and before I had "Nothing!" well out of my mouth, "Bang!" went the cannon.

It was a great success!

My grandmother jumped! The cat jumped! Even the chair jumped!

The cat hid itself under a bed for the rest of the day and I would gladly have done the same, for the old lady did a record sprint after me, caught me, held me firmly—and then I jumped!

And after that my affectionate family were even more suspicious of me than before.

It must have been soon after this—probably the following winter—that we had a heavy fall of snow. I know that one night—after I had been sent to bed earlier than I expected or desired owing to a difference of opinion with my father over some small matter I needn't trouble you with—I found material on the window-sill for a couple of fairly large snowballs. I opened the window and looked down into the street. There were few people about, but coming along the pavement towards the house I saw a coloured woman with a big laundry basket in her arms.

A Real Mouthful.

It was too good a chance to be missed! I timed her approach to a second, and just as she passed under my window I dropped one of the snowballs. It just grazed the tip of her nose and landed plump in the basket. Instantly I dropped the second snowball, and as the surprise of the first had made her let out a yell and look up with her mouth open to see where the missile had come from, the second simply dropped right into her mouth.

I shut the window quietly and slipped into bed.

Outside I could hear the coloured woman addressing a lengthy and fluent monologue to the house. Then I began to tremble, for I heard her hammering on the door. My father, apparently, was called, and after a few seconds I heard a number of voices join in an animated discussion on the manufacture and use of snowballs. I crept to the window and peered out to find that quite a crowd had collected to sympathise with my victim and to abuse my father.

By and by, there were steps on the staircase, but when my father entered the room and flashed a lamp on the bed, I was sound asleep.

"Joe!" came a stern whisper. I, of course, made no comment. "Joe!" he whispered again, a bit louder. A faint snore was the only reply.

I Slept the Sleep of Innocence.

He went away, apparently satisfied, and later I heard him assuring the murmuring crowd that his little boy was sound asleep in bed, and that it couldn't possibly have been he that did the deed.

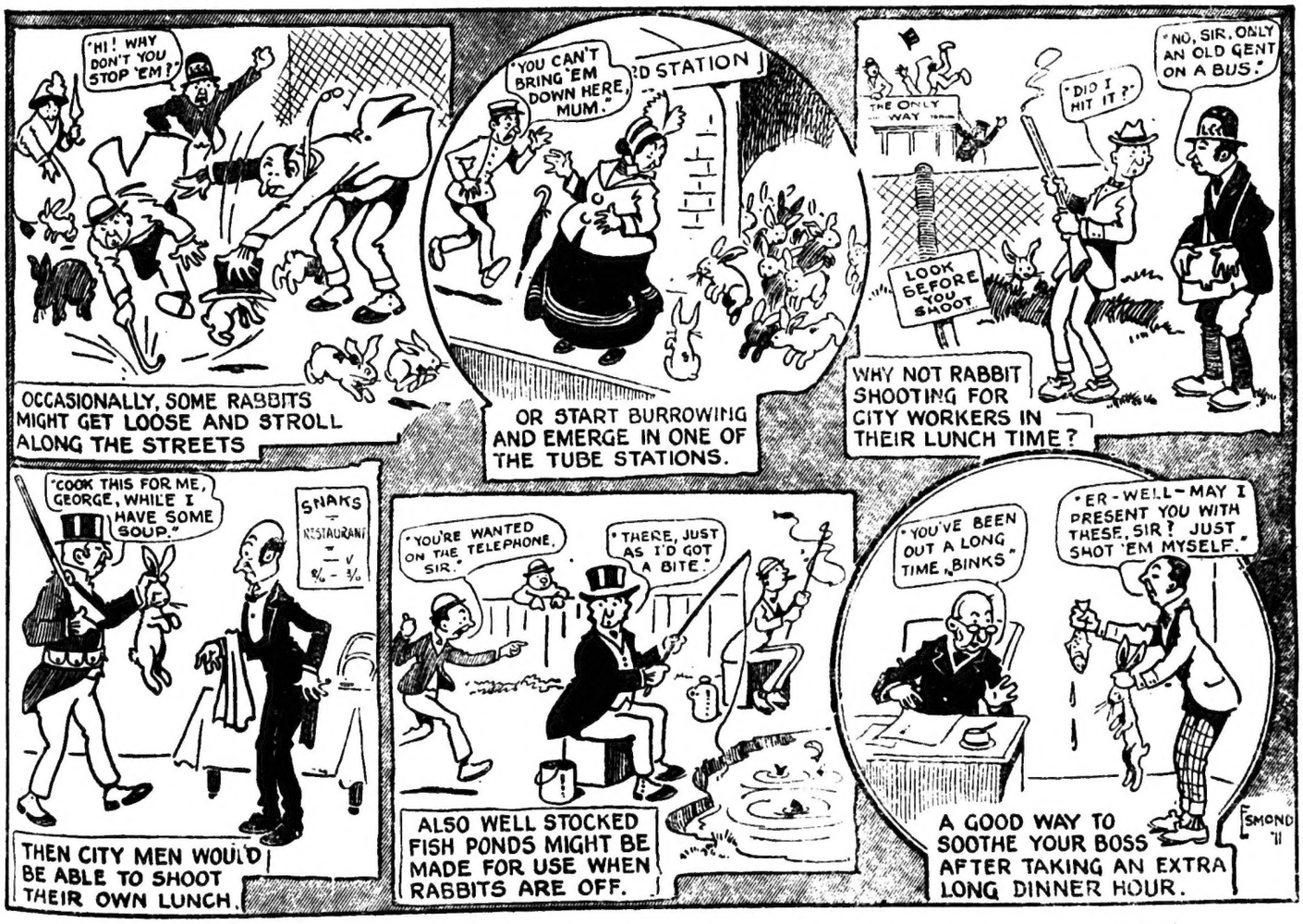
Another outstanding wickedness happened a few years later, when I was with a large firm of sculptors and architects in New York. By this time I was very keen on getting on the stage, and every Saturday afternoon found me in some theatre gazing longingly at the stage. It used to make me very wild when I was told to stay behind after the others had left and tidy up the artists' room, and I was very far from happy one Saturday, when I was told that I must come back to the studio on the Saturday afternoon and also twice on Sunday to wet the clay of a life-size figure of General Dahlgreen.

I thought that if I hurried up I might manage to do my clay-wetting and yet be in time for the *matinée*, so I "went for" the General for all I was worth. Unfortunately, in my eagerness, I pushed against some scaffolding that had been set up round the statue, and before I could say "Knife"—even had I wanted to—down came a heavy plank, and off came the General's head.

I was just in time for my *matinée*, but when, on my way home, I saw an advertisement for boy dancers, I called and got taken on at once, for I realised that the sculptor's studio would no longer welcome me with open arms.

RABBIT WARRENS IN LONDON.

The Vacant Land Cultivation Society hopes, with the L.C.C.'s consent, to cultivate the large piece of waste land in the Strand and perhaps even to start a rabbit-warren there. Our cartoonist pictures some possible incidents in the near future if the scheme comes into operation.



Supposing you were going to meet a young lady and you were half-an-hour late.

"ON THE WHEEZLE."

How Some Railwaymen Increase their Wages.

WHEN a servant of a railway company who is not a regular porter lines up on the platform waiting for an incoming train, with the object of securing a luggage-carrying job, with its attendant tip, he is said to be "on the wheezle."

Any member of the wages staff, be he guard, inspector, driver, or even messenger boy, is at liberty to go wheezling in his spare time, when he is off duty; and most of them do so more or less, especially during the rush seasons—Easter, Whitsun, Christmas, and the like.

The companies seldom raise any objection, so long as it does not interfere with the men's regular work. Occasionally a head porter or a platform inspector may turn away a too pertinacious wheezler, but this happens very rarely.

It may be safely asserted, however, that the palmy days of the wheezler are over. The introduction of the luggage-in-advance system cut down his earnings considerably, and other new-fangled notions have also affected him adversely.

For instance, the steam-heating of railway carriages. Before this innovation was introduced, the wheezler with the foot-warmer could always count on a sixpenny or a shilling tip during the cold days of winter. The companies never at any time made any charge for these conveniences, but passengers often thought they did, and the men who fetched them to the trains reaped the benefit of the mistake.

He Likes Courting Couples.

Even now, however, the really smart wheezler can add materially to his income. But he has got to be up to all the dodges, and be a first-rate judge of character.

He must be able to recognise at a glance the timid old lady, or the courting couple who desire a compartment to themselves. After them he goes, whips out the key he always carries, and locks them in, keeping an eye on them afterwards until the train starts, when of course he pockets his tip.

Or perhaps a party of four Mr. Jollyboys want a compartment to themselves in order that they may indulge in a quiet game of cards. For half-a-crown the wheezler will paste a blue official "engaged" or "reserved" label on the window, besides locking the door, thereby rendering them doubly safe from intrusion for the entire journey.

From dubious practices, such as these, to actual downright dishonesty, is but a step. And there is, I am sorry to say, a good deal of this latter sort of thing rampant amongst railwaymen.

Excess fares, for example. It is computed that not more than fifty per cent. of these at the outside find their way into the coffers of the companies. This is largely due to the fault of the passengers themselves, not one in twenty of whom ever thinks of asking for a receipt for the small sum they tender with the ticket on which they have travelled a station or two beyond their destination.

Given Away by Wives.

When, however, excess fares are collected in trains by travelling inspectors or examiners the case is somewhat different. These are usually paid by people who have elected to travel in a superior class of carriage to that for which they have paid their fare, and the inspector is bound to give a receipt, a copy of which is impressed by a carbon duplicate on the pad book he carries with him.

But these duplicate impressions are frequently illegible, and show a less amount than was actually received. Recently one railway laid a somewhat elaborate trap in order to try to put an end to this practice.

The wives of several members of the salaried staff were sent to travel up and down the line in first-class carriages with second-class tickets. The bait took, and quite a number of examiners and inspectors lost their jobs.

They were not prosecuted, just summarily dismissed, so that the affair never "got into the papers." But, of course, the news quickly spread in railway circles, where it created a big sensation.

Nevertheless, the practice—and others equally lucrative and even less defensible—is still carried on.

As regards the average employee, it can truthfully be said: "It is not so much what he earns—look at what he makes."

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

VEILS FOR MEN.

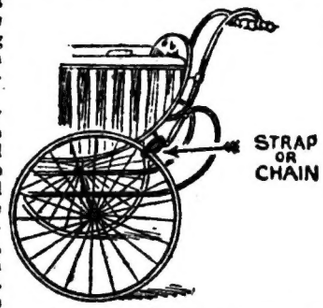
THIS picture shows a useful veil which many motor-car drivers have adopted in order to protect their faces from the biting winter winds.

The veil, which is made of a fine gauze fastened at the back of the hat, proves a splendid protection to the men who must of necessity spend a great deal of their time exposed to bad weather.

Veils for men is a comparatively new idea, but if the severe winter which prophets promise us comes about, perhaps they will be shortly in greater evidence.

TO AVOID "PRAM" ACCIDENTS.

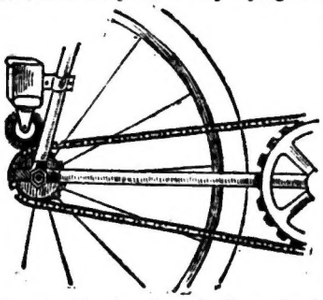
IT is always dangerous to leave baby-carriages unattended outside shop-doors. The slightest push is likely to start a perambulator down a slanting pavement, with the risk of overturning it.



To prevent any such catastrophe as this a small chain or strap with an S-shaped hook should be fixed to the perambulator. Then, when you wish to go into a shop, the strap can be fastened round a back wheel in the manner shown in the picture and there will be no need to worry about the safety of baby.

FOR WINTER CYCLISTS.

THE wet weather, which we must expect at this season of the year, is very trying to cyclists, and any little hint to lighten the troubles of "bike" cleaning will be appreciated.

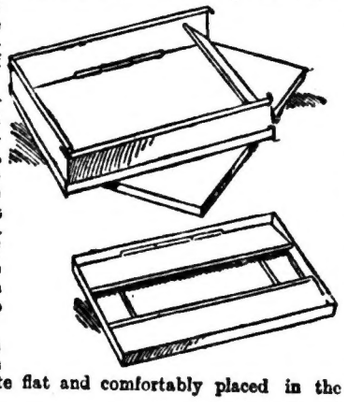


Our picture shows a small box containing oil and a brush, fixed to the back bar of a bicycle.

When the chain of the bicycle revolves it turns the brush and allows the lubricating oil to drip through constantly, thus keeping the chain free from mud, and allowing it to run over the gear as smoothly as ever.

FOLDING LUNCH TIN.

READERS who are in the habit of taking their lunch to the office will find the novel tin illustrated here of great value.



It is designed to hold a dozen sandwiches, and, besides keeping them nice and fresh, it has the advantage of saving the time used in making up parcels.

When not in use the tin can be folded quite flat and comfortably placed in the pocket.

Any Old Clo', Your Majesty?

What Becomes of Royalties' Left-off Garments.

EVERY spring and autumn a considerable quantity of the left-off clothes of the Sovereign are sold and the proceeds given to charity.

As a rule from fifteen to twenty suits of clothes are sold at one time. They are sold by the chief valet to a second-hand clothes agency in Paris, and sometimes to an agency in New York. None of the Royal clothes are ever sold in London.

The agency, when re-selling the clothes, must not divulge the fact that they were ever in the possession of the King of England. If the agency did so it would not receive the chance of buying the Royal left-off clothes again, and this would mean a considerable loss to it.

There is never any bargaining about the price to be paid for the Royal clothes. The price is fixed at £2 10s. per suit, and the agency is probably able to re sell them for double that figure.

It must be remembered that the King's left-off clothes are practically as good as new when put out of the Royal wardrobes. King George keeps his clothes for use in the Royal wardrobes longer than did King Edward, but it is very doubtful if his Majesty wears his ordinary walking or morning suits of clothes more than a couple of dozen times.

The left-off suits of clothes which it is intended to sell are put in a special wardrobe, and the day before they are sent to the buyers the pockets in each suit are carefully searched by the chief valet to see that no belongings of the King have been accidentally left in them.

King George's Silk Hats.

In the late reign the buyer of the new King's left-off clothes once found a memorandum book in a pocket of a lounge coat containing some private notes.

The buyer at once returned the notebook to the King's secretary, but it has been a rule since that before any of the Sovereign's left-off clothes are sent away the pockets should be carefully searched by the chief valet.

The King's left-off hats, ties, gloves, etc., are all disposed of in the same manner. The King probably buys a larger number of silk hats in the year than any of his subjects.

His Majesty, as a rule, does not wear a silk hat more than half-a-dozen times. He pays 13s. for a silk hat, and it is sold for half that figure, and probably re-sold for the figure the King gave for it.

None of the Royal uniforms are sold as uniforms. The gold lace, buttons, and other valuable parts of each uniform are detached from it and sold separately.

The King's left-off boots are not disposed of to an agency, but are given away to the various dependents of Royalty, chiefly on the Royal estates, and you may see about Balmoral, Sandringham, and Windsor Castle labourers walking about the grounds wearing boots that once clad the feet of their monarch.

3 Pairs of Boots Every Month.

The King orders about three pair of outdoor walking boots and shoes every month, and gives away an equal number.

The Queen's left-off gowns, dresses, and wraps are disposed of in the same way as the left-off clothes of the King.

The left-off clothes of the Royal children are rarely sold. They are nearly all given away; the reason of this is that children's left-off clothes, however excellent may be the material, and however good their condition, do not fetch a good price, and their Majesties believe that by giving them away they can benefit more people than by having them sold and distributing the proceeds among charities.

Of course, when an occasion arises when it is possible to do more direct good by giving the Royal left-off clothes away, they are not sold.

For example, in the late reign, after the great earthquake at Messina, when thousands of people were left in want of clothing, enormous quantities of clothes were sent out to the sufferers from the Royal wardrobes.

The left-off clothes of the German Emperor and Empress are dealt with in much the same manner as is done by our King and Queen, but the left-off garments of the Tsar and Tsarina are always destroyed in accordance with an old-established custom of the Russian Court.

What excuse would you give her? It must be a good one and a short one.

THE STORY EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT.

A Strange Sin

This is the story of a man's deep and strange sin, and the dead-sea fruit born of it in the after years. A sin sinned in the heat and passion of hot-blooded youth, and forgiven by the tragic woman upon whom it was wrought. And because of his sin, she sinned, and sins again sprang from their sins, and they and others reaped the aftermath. Yet among the tentacles that stretch from this first sin and twine themselves round the innocent as well as the guilty, there will be found threads of gold and laughter and pure love, of noble devotion and heroic self-sacrifice.

THE SIN.

GEORGE MARCHANT, the son of a wealthy cotton merchant, falls in love with beautiful Mary Ryder, a winder of looms in one of his father's weaving-sheds.

Mary knows, however, that they can never be wedded, for she is the victim of a girl-marriage to a drunkard, who is, she believes, in Canada.

One night Marchant's love overpowers him. He draws Mary from the footpath, slips his arm round her, and with a fierce cry, blind with passion, he smothers her lips with kisses. He is not rebuked, for Mary Ryder has swooned, and he knows it not. His sin is destined however, to bring forth dead-seafruit.

When Mary regains consciousness, she upbraids Marchant for his cruelty. His remorse is terrible to witness, and he vows that he will never rest until she is his wife.

The following morning Mary Ryder goes to Gostock Parish Church to destroy the only proof of her marriage with her brute of a husband so that she may marry Marchant.

It is past midnight when she returns to Millborough. The landlady opens the door.

A glance at the woman's face tells Mary that something unusual has happened, and then a drunken snore reaches her. Her husband has come back.

The landlady retires to bed. She is awakened by a crash and a clatter of swift running feet on the cobbles. She sees Mary's husband lying face downwards on the floor. He is dead.

At the inquest the jury bring in a verdict of wilful murder against Mary Durdan, alias Mary Ryder. But the police never catch her. And it is about this time that George Marchant's hair goes grey, which is strange in so young a man.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS AFTER.

TWENTY-THREE years have passed since that fateful night of George Marchant's sin. George Marchant of long ago is now Lord Millborough.

His family consists of his wife, a son (Roy), his daughter Eileen, and among his small army of servants is Fairy Willow.

Fairy Willow is a selfish, shallow-minded little witch whose one ambition is to be a great actress.

She has just been caught by Mrs. Jordan, the housekeeper, acting a scene with Stevens, the footman at the Hall. Stevens is, in consequence, given notice, and Fairy is warned. The girl is impudent, and goes off to see the chauffeur Evans, her lover, whom she tells of an appointment she has with Mr. Stanley Jack, of the Siddons Dramatic Agency—a dramatic agency only in name.

Stanley Jack is a rogue, and while flattering Fairy, incidentally extracts from her particulars regarding Lady Millborough's jewels, and he arranges for Babbage, one of his underlings, to fill the vacancy at the Hall caused by Stevens' dismissal.

* * * *

The stern, silent Lord Millborough and Marcus Drake, his trusted companion and secretary, are at the Works one day, when Drake is distracted by Lord Millborough, who, as soon as he sees Beth Willow, a winder of looms, reels and falls against a driving-belt.

That night as if in a dream Lord Millborough staggers from his bed and walks unsteadily to the safe in the corner of his room.

It is filled with papers. One is marked "Last Will and Testament," and across an envelope is written "Not to be opened till after my death." Lord Millborough takes out from the papers a faded photograph.

"Mary," he whispers.

Then he falls for a second time.

Marcus Drake, followed by the doctor and Babbage, the new footman, hurries to the bedroom. Drake gathers up his lordship's papers, but the envelope marked "Not to be opened till after my death" is not among them.

* * * *

Fairy has decided to make a secret journey to the Siddons Dramatic Agency at London, and has persuaded Bob Evans to take her to Baddeley Junction in one of his master's cars, and to get her little handbag which she has hidden in the woodman's hut.

On the way back from Baddeley Junction Bob discovers Stevens, recently footman at the Hall, lying on the ground, brutally done to death, and Evans is arrested on suspicion of having killed him.

* * * *

When in London, at lodgings kept by a Mrs. Paul—Mary Ryder of long ago—in Corus Street, Fairy learns the news of the theft of Lady Millborough's jewels and the arrest of Evans. Then she remembers that by a mistake she has someone else's bag in place of her own. She looks at the chair by the side of the bed on which she had placed the bag before she fell asleep.

It has gone, stolen by the rat-catcher of Diver Street, a strange being, with a malformed hand, whose very name inspires Stanley Jack and his partner, Miss Delorme, with terror.

And on the window of a small room adjoining Fairy's is the distinct impression of a left hand from which the second finger has been severed.

Then Fairy, afraid lest she will be arrested for complicity in the crime, goes into the street. She has no definite plans, and simply walks about aimlessly.

Presently she is stopped by Mrs. Lustleigh, the procuress of Red House, St. John's Wood, who is ever on the look-out for innocent girls.

"Where are you going, my dear child?" she asks. "You're faint. Come with me. I will look after you."

So Fairy, helpless and terror-stricken, is taken to Mrs. Lustleigh's house of shame. Here she is drugged and her clothes are taken away and beautiful new garments substituted. In another room Mrs. Lustleigh is speaking into a telephone. "Is that Sir Harold? Yes, I'm Mrs. Lustleigh, can you dine here to-night? The loveliest thing in the world. Oh, you will love her! You'll come? Good! Dinner at eight, just you and I, and the girl."

At the Red House Sir Harold yields to a better impulse, helps Fairy to escape, and takes her to his rooms.

He has not been in long when the letter-trap of the door rattles. It is young Roy Marchant.

"Hallo!" he says. "Had a night of it! Now I want you to give me a shake-down."

Then Roy catches sight of Fairy on a couch in an inner room. He starts forward as if he has been shot.

"Good God, Hilmon!" he says hoarsely. "That's Willow—Mary Willow—the maid from my people's place—the girl who ran off with the diamonds!"

Sir Harold is thunderstruck. He wishes to marry Eileen Marchant for her money, and if this gets noised about it will ruin his chance. At his suggestion, Roy takes Fairy back to Mrs. Paul's.

* * * *

There is a knock at the door of the Siddons Academy of Dramatic Art, and a beautiful, dark-eyed, simply-dressed woman enters.

"I'm Mary Willow's sister," she says in a low voice. "Has my sister been here?"

"She was due here to-day," replies the arch-rogue Stanley Jack. "I got her comfortably fixed up in rooms in Corus Street, but she has disappeared."

Stanley Jack stops suddenly. This young woman has an extraordinary resemblance to Mrs. Paul.

The one is a faded shadow of a woman, with a face on which past sorrow and suffering had set their seal, with grey hair still showing here and there a golden thread, and this young woman from Millborough—the runaway skivvey's sister—is dark and in all the glory of budding, beautiful womanhood.

But they are alike—Beth Willow and Mrs. Paul.

"Thank you," Beth replies.

She goes to Corus Street. Mrs. Paul is out, but a servant-girl tells Beth of Fairy's strange disappearance. A few minutes later Beth is knocked down by a taxi-cab; she is taken to a hospital.

* * * *

At Millborough dawn has just broken. Marcus Drake is searching a ditch close to the spot where the murdered body of Stevens was found. He discovers a spanner that causes him to mutter:

"Bad for Evans, this."

Then a motor-car, containing two people, comes buzzing up the road.

(You can now read on.)

CHAPTER TWENTY.

Bad Blood.

ON the night of Fairy's flight and Stevens' death Bob Evans was driving a Darracq car.

"Darracq" was the name embossed on the spanner at which Drake stared, and as it flashed upon him that he held in his hand a tangible piece of circumstantial evidence enough, at first sight, to change the charge against Evans from manslaughter to murder; the throb of the on-rushing car struck his ears and caused him to turn his head sharply.

Major Collett, driving himself, was sending his car along at a great pace. His heavy brows contracted at sight of Drake, cutting a straight, forbidding line across his stern eyes, and Chief Inspector Pickles, a moment before looking merely cold and blue about the nose and wrapped up miserably in his own physical discomfort, seemed suddenly to fling off his garment of woe and become interested.

It was like the dropping of a mask, and had anyone studied Mr. Pickles' features at that moment he might have realised how it was that Mr. Pickles had attained the rank of Chief Inspector, Detective Department, Scotland Yard. An instant later, however, he was again looking miserably depressed.

"That's Drake, Lord Millborough's secretary," Collett explained as he unclutched and braked.

Mr. Pickles, who was conversant with all known facts, knew that it was Drake who came upon Evans beside the body of Stevens on the night of mystery.

Major Collett took a short step towards Drake.

The car stopped. Bad blood had been generated between Drake and Major Collett on the previous day. Police officials do not always regard amateur detectives with favour. The forbidding look—almost a scowl—seemed intensified on the Chief Constable's powerful features as he quitted the car, followed by Mr. Pickles, and strode across to D[illegible].

"Where did you find that?" demanded [illegible]llett, pointing to the spanner.

"There!" answered Drake, his mouth [illegible]htly compressed.

His manner was cool, yet somethi[illegible] it suggested resentment under contr[illegible] travelled from Mr. Collett to the [illegible] ful-featured, insignificant compan[illegible] was rubbing his hands together a[illegible] an indifferent circulation, and eyei[illegible]

Collett reached out a hand con[illegible] the spanner from Drake.

"'Darracq'!" he said abrup[illegible] reading what was embossed.

"So I observe—so I see!" m[illegible]

"Evans was driving Lord Mill[illegible] went on Collett, ignoring Drake.

His own men had been instru[illegible] immediate neighbourhood; but [illegible] discovery where they had failed, a[illegible] due to the fact that whereas Col[illegible] cocksure men, had arrived at the c[illegible] Stevens had been run down by the car [illegible] Evans, and so killed, Drake had formulated an [illegible] theory, that included the possibility of some w[illegible] having been flung away hurriedly at the spot wh[illegible] the body was found, though he had not anticipated finding a spanner with "Darracq" embossed on [illegible]

Mr. Pickles nodded. That Evans had driven a Darracq on the night of mystery was known to him. Collett continued to study the spanner.

For the best excuses I will give five briar pipes. Mark postcards "Excuse." (See page 484.)

"Look at that!" he said suddenly.

Mr. Pickles produced a jeweller's magnifying glass from a pocket, and wedged it into an eye-socket. Cocking his head to one side, he examined the spanner, looking like a depressed pawnbroker searching for a hall-mark on a pledge.

"Blood, I think," he murmured. "And adhering to it what look to me like human hairs. You have a look, sir!"

He removed the glass, and, having wiped round the wooden rim with a handkerchief as if he feared transferring microbes, handed it to the Chief Constable.

"You're right, Pickles," said Collett.

Drake caught the name, and realised that the insignificant little man, who looked like a dyspeptic undertaker oppressed by the gloom of his calling, was Detective-Inspector Pickles, with a reputation recently enhanced by his solution of a Society jewel mystery and the recovery of the greater portion of the stolen gems.

As Drake, who possessed a keen appreciation for character, studied him more closely, Mr. Pickles furtively shot his linen, or, rather, one cuff, and squiggled something on it in a shorthand that would have baffled an orthodox reporter.

Major Collett was handling the spanner very carefully now. Taking it for granted that the hairs adhering to it matched the dead man's, he realised that he must discard previous conclusions as to the manner in which Stevens met his death. It was a case of murder, not manslaughter.

Mrs. Jordan, housekeeper at Millborough Hall, who had had her knife into Fairy ever since the Romeo-and-Juliet episode, had not hesitated to blacken the girl's character, and had told the Chief Constable that Fairy Willow, as well as being a petty thief of her mistress's belongings, had played fast and loose with Stevens and Evans. Mr. Eccles, Lord Millborough's most important butler, had corroborated this.

"You've made an important discovery," said Collett, jerking the words at Drake.

"Sir," said Mr. Pickles in his depressing voice, addressing the Chief Constable, "you showed me a map you made of the scene on the night. Might I—might I look at it again?"

Collett strode to the car and unlocked an attaché case filled with papers and reports. As he was doing this the mournful little man, with an unfortunate name, looked mildly and apologetically at Drake, whose evidence in the matter of Stevens' death was of the highest importance.

"You were first on the scene, Mr. Drake?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"And Stevens lay—where exactly?"

Drake pointed to the spot.

"And the Darracq was drawn up——"

"Just about there." Drake pointed again.

"Heigho!" sighed Mr. Pickles. "Yes, yes, to be sure! And you found the spanner—where exactly. That may be of *the* greatest importance!"

Drake's eyes brightened, telling of a quick brain, working intelligently as he stepped into the ditch, swept aside the thick growth, and showed the impress of the spanner in the soft soil.

"Yes, yes!" sighed Mr. Pickles. "And now—let me see! When you arrived on the scene on that night, you examined the Darracq, so I've been told?"

"Yes."

"And you observed blood on the right-hand front wheel?"

"Yes."

"And there was a pool of blood in the road?"

"Yes."

"And I understand, Mr. Drake, that Evans' statements to you were confused and contradictory?"

"Yes—except in one respect. And I was much impressed," said Drake. "These were his exact words, I think. 'If I'd done it, I should have owned up to it like a man!'"

He had put in a good word for the man whose cause he had taken up, and whom he still regarded as innocent, despite the discovery of the spanner. Apart from his instincts, he already realised, through a process of reasoning, that the discovery of the spanner, though at first sight convincing evidence against Evans, was by no means so conclusive as it appeared superficially.

Collett returned with his map, an enlargement of the rough one made in his notebook on the fateful night. But Mr. Pickles continued his questioning:

"Evans told you, Mr. Drake, that he passed a car on his way—his alleged way—to Millborough?"

"Yes. Hooded. But he didn't note the number."

"And you, Mr. Drake, after you arrived on the scene, examined the road for tracks?"

"Yes. There were the marks of the limousine in which I drove up and sent on to Dudding. The track of the Darracq—the Darracq driven by Evans——"

Mr. Pickles looked at Drake, and the expression in his usually dreary eyes seemed to give a brief glimpse into a "live," clear, swift-working brain. It was as if he appreciated the slight emphasis with which Drake had underlined the words, "The Darracq driven by Evans"—and understood the thought prompting it—"was distinct," continued Drake, "because the tyres are nail-studded. There was a third track."

Collett tugged impatiently at his heavy moustache, and interrupted.

"The whole thing is mapped down here," he said.

"Yes, yes, to be sure!" said Mr. Pickles timidly, and anyone, unacquainted with his recorded acts of fearlessness, might have imagined him greatly afraid of Millborough's martinet Chief Constable. "Nevertheless—this third track, Mr. Drake . . ."

"It's down in my map," interrupted Collett again. "I examined it. There was nothing to indicate when it was made, and now the finding of the spanner eliminates the accident theory."

Mr. Pickles looked pained, but it would have been impossible to say whether his expression was due to the dyspepsia to which he was a martyr, or the Chief Constable's logic.

"Yes, yes—to be sure!" he murmured. "I think—I agree with you, sir—in the light of the hair adhering to the spanner and the stains that I fancy analysis will reveal to be mammalian blood—that it does eliminate the accident theory. Quite so, quite so. But—but not the other car! Not possibilities associated with it—and its occupants, whoever they were!"

Drake's brain was keeping pace with the detective's.

"And I should like to point out," Drake said, in the quick tones of a man on the track of something, "that——"

Collett turned on him.

"When I want your opinion I'll ask for it."

"Courtesy," said Drake, "costs nothing!"

Personal feelings had suddenly slipped their leash.

"Don't be insolent, sir!" Collett's massive shoulders were squared. His brows had met again, forming the dark, continuous line across his slate-coloured eyes. "That's enough. We can dispense with you. Right about turn, Mr. Drake. Quick march!"

For a second there was a dead silence. Mr. Pickles looked unhappily amazed at this sudden intrusion of personal ill-feelings. Drake did not stir. He had gone a little white about the lips, as men sometimes go white about the lips when they are fighting, not with fear, but to control their temper.

"You may be an officer," he said at last, "but I'm hanged if you're a gentleman!"

Collett took a short step towards Drake. Drake clenched up his hands—ready. But the Chief Constable seemed to regain sudden control over himself—to remember that he was Millborough's Chief Constable.

"Puppies," he said slowly, but through gritted teeth, "are sometimes brought to heel with a dog-whip. But I'm too busy just now in my official capacity to teach puppies manners!"

"A bully with a dog-whip"—Drake looked straight into the other man's eyes—"would frighten puppies. It takes a little more than that in combination to frighten a man. When you're less busy come about in your unofficial capacity any time and bring your dog-whip, and we'll discuss the matter further."

There was certainly nothing suggestive of the puppy about Drake at this moment. The spirit of romance was fresh in his nature, and he was on the right side of thirty, but he was old in experience, knowledge of the world, and he had proved his intrepidity and daring, had ruled men, suppressed a mutiny, and pushed his way into the dangerous unknown, reefing in his belt when rations failed and starvation gnawed, before circumstances turned him temporarily into Lord Millborough's private secretary.

Mr. Pickles created momentary distraction by blowing his nose nervously, and in a way that indicated a severe cold in the head.

Drake had no medals. Major Collett had a couple, with clasps, for Indian-frontier work. Your bully is not necessarily a coward, and Collett belonged to the order of courageous brutes. But Drake's work in Thibet, in the matter of initiative, pluck, endurance and generalship, was superior to anything Collett had done in his service-days. Some things do not find their way into newspapers. When, some years previously, the name of Major Collett figured in the list of men wounded in a frontier campaign, it was not stated that he had been shot in the back by one of his own men. That sort of thing is kept quiet.

"Oh, go home and write letters!" said Collett, with a heavy sneer, the hang of his powerful lower jaw ugly. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

Again Mr. Pickles trumpeted nervously into his handkerchief. It rather suggested a bugle calling truce.

Drake got his lower lip between his teeth, and then released it in order to speak.

"I'll wait to say my last word to you—till you're less busy and cannot shelter yourself behind your official position."

Drake turned on his heel and walked away towards the Hall. Bad blood showed darkly on Collett's powerful saturnine face. He brought his teeth together with a click, and turned to Pickles.

"The fellow's beneath contempt," he said hotly quickly. "But his evidence and his find are important."

"Very—very!" agreed Mr. Pickles. "I've an idea that this spanner—I say so tentatively—but I've an idea that this spanner will be the means of establishing Evans' innocence in the matter of Stevens' death."

"Good lord, sir! What are you talking about?"

Collett flung the words at the insignificant little man, who appeared to be troubled with a spasm of stomach or some internal pain.

"Evans was driving a Darracq," he went on, "and Darracq's on the spanner! The whole thing's clear. When Drake came upon him Evans clutched the spanner away. There was bad blood between Stevens and Evans over the girl. Why, Pickles, I thought—good lord! The whole thing pans out like an equation. Evans had pulled up on his return journey to tighten a nut or something, and Stevens comes out on him through the gap——"

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Pickles mildly. "Excuse me, sir, you—you're losing sight of a most important—I almost said 'glaring'—fact. Please! The car was drawn up there, according to your map, beyond the spot where Mr. Drake came upon Evans beside the body. The nose of the car pointed, I understand, towards Millborough Hall. If Evans killed Stevens with this spanner, how came the wheel and the front of the car to be splashed with blood? No, no, no! Excuse me, sir, but just look at your own map. Here is the track of the Darracq, and the swerve, due, according to Evans, to avoiding the body in the road. Surely this is obvious. If Evans killed Stevens with the spanner, the car being drawn up where it was, there could not have been blood on the wheel and the front part. But if Evans did run him down, the blood would be accounted for. Also, we should expect to find blood on the car if Evans' statement is correct that he just swerved in time to miss the body. There was blood in the road. In fact, I go so far as to say that if this spanner was the weapon with which death was caused—and the human hairs and the coagulation of blood on it point to it most unmistakably—I go so far as to assert that Evans cannot have killed Stevens!"

Very bright now and "live" were Mr. Pickles' eyes. He seemed to have forgotten his physical infirmity. And, again, anyone studying his face and his eyes with their present expression would have understood better how Pickles had attained high rank at Scotland Yard.

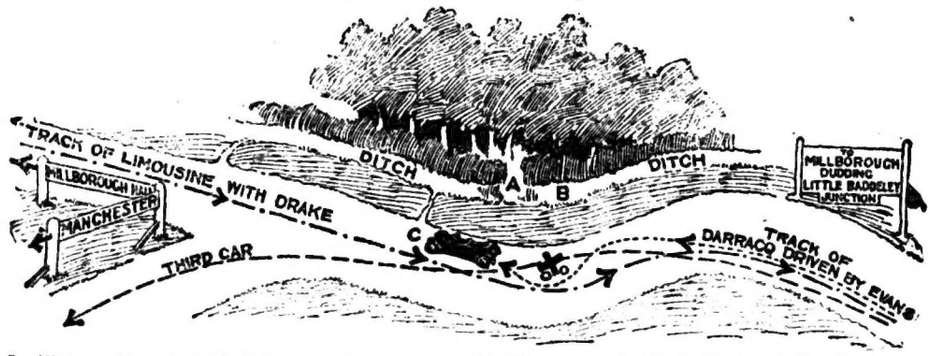
"Besides, a point that seems to bear this out is the fact that Evans had unhitched a lamp from the car and was holding it when Mr. Drake arrived on the scene."

Collett tugged at his heavy moustache.

Mr. Pickles shot out a cuff and studied it.

"And my memory's bad—oh, yes! Only a moment—examine the tool-box of the Darracq. Now, sir, I should like to get through the woods to the hut, and then on to the Hall. If I could be at Dudding by half-past

THE PLAN THAT PROVED EVANS' INNOCENCE.



A *The gap through which Fairy passed.* **B** *The spot in the ditch where Drake found spanner.*
+ *Where Stevens' body lay and two blood pools.* **C** *The position of Darracq when Evans left it to go to Stevens' body, and on the wheels and forepart of which blood was found.*

Turn back to page 463 and read all about the Football Competition.

eleven, that would give me a good half-an-hour to study the Darracq itself before the inquest. Do you think that by this time Lady Millborough will have finished compiling the descriptive list of the jewellery stolen? I understand that you have suggested—or are going to suggest—to Lord Millborough that a substantial reward should be offered for information leading to the recovery of the jewels."

"Lady Millborough," replied Collett curtly, "is compiling the list. Lord Millborough was too ill to see me before I left for London, but Lady Millborough will have suggested the reward by now."

"It is remarkable," said Mr. Pickles, with a wan smile, "how frequently information is received, that otherwise would not be forthcoming, after the offer of a substantial reward—remarkable! Very slow work, sir, to put twenty thousand pounds' worth of jewels on the market. What is it old Omar Khayyam says: 'Take the cash in hand and waive the rest'? Or do I misquote?"

"You're still having that woman, Paul, kept under close surveillance?" asked Collett, ignoring the question impatiently.

"Yes. Now, sir!"

Collett told his chauffeur to take the car to the Hall, and then passed through the gap in the hedge, followed by Pickles.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

"I Must See You Alone."

It was not yet eight o'clock when Drake returned to Millborough Hall, the look on his face betraying that something still rankled badly in his mind. No man could have wished for a more staunch friend than Marcus Drake; but he was a good hater as well. Most men of strong character are. He did not belong to the order of individuals who, being smitten on one cheek, present the other for similar treatment. Certainly not the kind of man to be bullied.

And this morning had seen the bad blood between him and Collett thickened. The last word, figuratively, was with the Chief Constable for the moment; but Drake had no intention of letting it rest at that. Collett had sheltered himself, in a way, behind his official position, at the time being practically on duty, to insult the man he had not forgiven for interfering between himself and Beth Willow when he wanted to extract information from her about her sister, taking her off her guard, while she was still stunned and dazed.

But Drake took nothing lying down, and looked forward with an eager kind of grimness to a time when he should meet Collett as a private individual, not in his official police capacity. But Collett had not occupied his thoughts solely on his way back to the Hall.

He had been impressed by Mr. Pickles, despite the latter's indifferent physique and dyspeptic countenance. He had seen the melancholy face light up and reveal a quick brain and intelligence. Mr. Pickles' manner might be apologetic and hopeless enough to suggest that he despaired of solving the mystery from the outset, but his questions, and the train of thought and reasoning they suggested to Drake, had made an impression very different from his manner.

Manners may make some men; but in other cases manners and mannerisms are but cloaks. Drake felt that as well as a ferret-like detective brain a strong vein of humanity lurked below Mr. Pickles' sombre, dyspeptic cloak.

At first sudden sight the spanner, "Darracq" in relief upon it, had appeared circumstantial evidence against Evans; but Drake, his mind possibly stimulated by Mr. Pickles' questions on the subject of the car's position and the blood on it, had subsequently reasoned along almost precisely the same lines as the detective himself.

That spanner, instead of putting a rope round the neck of the man whom Drake had believed an innocent victim of circumstances from the first, might prove his innocence.

More than that. Drake was wondering now whether that spanner might not be the clue-key to the mystery of the stolen jewels as well as the murder of Stevens. There was no doubt now that it was murder.

The Darracq car, property of Lord Millborough, was not the only car of that famous make running about the world.

Lord Millborough had every confidence in his secretary, and gave him a free hand. Drake fitted a latchkey into a side-door, and entered Millborough Hall.

Life is full of little as well as big coincidences. . . .

Drake suspected Brown, the new footman. There was no tittle of proof as yet against the man. A few casual questions put to Mr. Eccles, most important of butlers, had satisfied Drake that the man's references were genuine. But Drake was a very close observer. Brown's face had been stolid enough the night when the tramp was brought in and told of someone who had entered and left the woodman's hut with a bag, but Drake had observed the new footman's hands, had seen them open and shut convulsively in a way that betrayed a suppressed agony of suspense.

Though the newspapers might concern themselves with and fill columns on the subject of the missing servant, the robbery was so obviously the work of experts, whatever blundering part the girl might have played in it. This had been obvious to Drake from the first.

It was only a little coincidence. . . .

Brown occupied Drake's thoughts, and Brown was coming along the corridor towards him. Vacuous, almost pudding-faced, with marble-like eyes, and—as Drake put it—an exceedingly hefty pair of shoulders on him. And Drake wondered what Mr. Pickles would make of Brown when he—Pickles—came along to the Hall presently with Collett. Mr. Pickles was certain to interview the domestic staff.

The new footman did not start at sight of Drake admitting himself before eight o'clock in the morning with a latchkey, but his saucer-like eyes dilated slightly and momentarily.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, in bland, respectful tones. "I've just come from your rooms. His lordship is asking for you."

Drake had made up his mind to keep Brown "under observation," as they say at Scotland Yard; but he fastened no hawk-like eye upon him now. He merely nodded and passed on.

"Babbage," the new footman, turned his head and followed Drake's retreating figure with malice in his eyes

The man, whom Stanley Jack and Miss Delorme, of the Siddons Academy of Dramatic Art, called "Babbage" confidentially, turned his head and followed Drake's retreating figure with his eyes. There was suspicion in them.

"To blazes with amateur detectives and stage-struck skivveys!" muttered the footman, who had won Mr. Eccles' golden opinions, and had accounted to the butler, who had held an inquiry of his own, most clearly and satisfactorily for his movements on the night of the robbery.

"Everything boshed up!"

The new footman's hands played the trick that had been observed by Drake—opened and shut.

"Boshed up—drat her! And that bit of paper."

Indeed, in a single night, possessed by no greater craving than to go upon the stage and win footlight fame and the incense of admiration, Fairy Willow had contrived to make some very dangerous enemies, for she had completely spoilt all the carefully laid plans of Stanley Jack and his gang, she had disappeared with the jewels, she had aroused Beatrix Delorme's jealousy, and she had caused bitter enmity between Sir Harold Hilmon and Mrs. Lustleigh.

Lord Millborough was better. Doctor Powis was no longer established on the premises. The stern, reserved man, with a mouth that sometimes twisted with sarcastic bitterness and whose soul was a haunted one, had a strong will. On the previous night Drake, who was deeper in his lordship's confidence than either wife, son, or daughter, had offered to pass the night with him, but the offer had been refused.

"I'm better, thanks!" had been the curt answer, but a curtness without offence in it. "And my wife will look after me, if I want anything!"

And Drake's sensitive ear had detected a note of the irony that was a trait in the character of the man who puzzled yet attracted him, in whose past was some big mystery and tragedy. For Drake had divined this upon almost the first day of his secretaryship, and now certain facts and happenings had confirmed this—the face of the woman, strangely like Beth Willow, that had stared up at him from the worn leather frame-case; his lordship's anxiety, masked but patent all the same to Drake, about his papers and his questions on the subject of who were present in the room after his swoon.

"Come in!"

Lady Millborough's voice answered when Drake knocked on his lordship's door.

Day was bright outside now, but the curtains in the bedroom were only partially drawn. The bed was in a shadow, and Lady Millborough, wearing a loose, wonderful wrap that displayed the lines of her superb figure, was seated beside her husband.

A dressing-room separated their bedrooms. For years it had been thus, and their married life an outward observance and a hollow mockery. But during the past night Lady Millborough had played the part of a model wife, continually passing to her husband's bed to ask how he was and whether he required anything.

Once when she had crept in he was sleeping, but lightly and restlessly. For a long while the beautiful woman, with supercilious, darkly pencilled brows, had bent over him, watching the grey, line-graven, stern face, as if hoping for him to pass into a deeper sleep, and once her eyes had wandered to the safe in one corner of the room as though it exercised a curious fascination over her.

Who was Mary—his wife in God's sight—of whom he had muttered when they brought him home after the accident in the weaving-shed?

Love had never really united them even in the early days of their married life. The man had married because nothing mattered much to him, and his father had wished it; the woman—as they said in Millborough—"for brass." Yet they might have built up something akin to love between them, and the birth of their son had drawn them together for a while. But the woman had been proud and capricious and frivolous, and had sneered at the great mill from which the money came, and vaunted her superior birth for all his mushroom title. She had embittered his life, and after the birth of her daughter Eileen she had seemed for a time to hate him.

Yet woman has inherited curiosity from her primal mother Eve. And there was something more than mere Evelike curiosity behind Lady Millborough's craving to learn more of "Mary," whom Lord Millborough, once George Marchant, had called his wife in God's sight.

Lady Millborough rose as Drake entered. He had no liking for the woman. He had read her character, and she treated him generally like an upper kind of servant. Nor was he particularly enamoured of Eileen Marchant, who, however, had taken a distinct liking to her father's good-looking secretary, and had developed a habit of dropping into the library when he was working alone, and engaging him in conversation. Eileen, a younger, capricious, self-willed edition of her beautiful mother, had a way of demanding homage and admiration as her natural right from men, whether they appealed to her or not.

There was nothing of the sedate matron about Lady Millborough, though her son Roy was twenty-one. To have looked motherly would have been an awful thing in her sight. Wonderfully well-preserved, and possessed of an excellent maid, she might easily have passed as Eileen's elder sister.

She was looking a little worn now, and her eyes were glittering rather strainedly as she rose upon Drake's entrance. But, indeed, it was understandable that she should show signs of strain.

She had been so upset, so unnerved, by the accident to her husband, the loss of her jewels, the news of Stevens' death, that in a brief interview with Major Collett, before he hurried off to London, she had furnished him with only the vaguest descriptions of the jewels stolen, and could not guarantee that her enumeration of the actual articles themselves was correct and complete. She hardly knew herself the accurate extent of her treasures. Major Collett had asked her to compile a list for him, describing each article as accurately as possible, since when Lady Millborough had been engaged upon it spasmodically.

The interview had been brief, and Eileen had been present throughout.

Drake bowed rather formally to her as he passed to Lord Millborough's bed. He was neither prig nor Puritan, but it struck him that a less diaphanous, revealing wrap would have been more becoming to a mother with a son aged twenty-one. But Lady Millborough still made conquests among men. She was not the kind of woman to retire from the lists at forty-four years of age.

"I hope you're feeling better?" said Drake quietly.

Lord Millborough was sitting up.

"Thanks, yes!" he answered. "Clare, don't stay. More light, Drake. A hundred-and-one things to be done. Have you got notebook and pencil? No? Get them, there's a good fellow!"

This was more like the managing director of the Windmill Spinning & Weaving Company. Drake quitted the room.

Lady Millborough had reached the door giving entrance to the dressing-room.

"Clare, when Collett comes, I'll see him at once, and arrange about the reward, and the amount. Have you finished the schedule of the jewels?"

The grey-faced man's mouth twisted a little bitterly. Some of the jewels had belonged to his mother, bought her by the first Lord Millborough; others he had given her. One—a pendant—when the boy was born, the lad who was his bitter disappointment.

"So many, eh, that you can't remember them all, Clare?"

"I shall!" A hand had gone for a moment to her superb, full throat. "But—your accident—and the mystery of it all—and the confusion—it's been too much for my nerves! I—it's nearly finished. When Major Collett comes—you're sure you feel equal to seeing him, George? You mustn't overdo it. Couldn't Drake——"

"I'm better. I'll see Graeme Collett."

Drake returned to the room with notebook and pencil.

Young George Marchant of many years ago and the dashing young subaltern, whose people were county-folk, had been introduced by the young Society girl who was to-day Lady Millborough.

Then write me a four line verse beginning "When I win the football prize."

Lady Millborough closed the door, and passed through the dressing-room into her own bedroom.

"What am I going to do?" she whispered. "Where will it end? What am I going to do—you little beast!"

Her ridiculous pet dog, that she fed personally on such dainties as minced chicken, had leapt out at her from his silk-cushioned nest; but she had spurned him so viciously with her foot that he howled from pain as well as injured feelings.

Drake took the chair beside Lord Millborough's bed.

"Drake!" came the stern voice, "I'm going to offer one thousand pounds for the recovery of the jewels. Some of them were my mother's——"

Lord Millborough stopped and seem to drift away into the past. His face looked worried when he spoke again.

Lord Millborough took from his safe a faded photograph.

"That girl, Willow, is either innocent or a catspaw, Drake."

"I think so, too," said Drake quietly.

Another pause.

"Telephone wires mended, Drake?"

"Yes."

"Presently, after I've dictated my letters, I want you to 'phone to the mill. I want to see Dimmock—on business."

This was very like the managing director and chairman of the Windmill Spinning & Weaving Company. Dimmock was the overlooker in the shed in which Beth Willow worked.

"Now, Drake!"

Lord Millborough dictated half a dozen business letters that Drake took down in a more orthodox shorthand than used by Chief Inspector Pickles.

Again a pause.

"Drake!"

"Yes."

"Let me see—I'm all right to-day—but yesterday, the concussion, you know. I asked you, didn't I, about those papers?"

"Yes. I put all there were back in the safe, and I put the keys under your pillow."

"When Major Collett comes, Drake, I'll see him. Get those letters transcribed, and off at once. Wait—first telephone to the shed. Tell Dimmock to come along at once. By the way, just before that belt caught me in the weaving-shed—never mind, Drake. 'phone Dimmock!"

"I will," said Drake, and quitted the room.

And only then did the mask fall away from the soul-haunted man's face.

"So like!" he whispered. "So like! I must know—must find out! Not fancy—so like!"

He slipped from his bed, a tall, dressing-gowned figure, crossed to the safe that had spelt previous disaster to him, unlocked it, and took from it the faded photograph.

"Mary!" he whispered hoarsely. "Oh, God, my sin, my sin! Who's got it, my confession, who's got it? Well, if the worst comes to the worst—wife, servant, or maid—let them keep it, make it public, blazon it abroad—I cannot suffer more than I have suffered. Mary—Mary—Mary! Oh, if you only lived—to hold you once again in my arms—to hear you whisper forgiveness! I, not you, did it! Coward, coward, coward!"

"My lady, Major Collett, le Chef de Gendarmerie, is 'ere, and 'e ask for you!"

Lisette, Lady Millborough's maid, who had been in a state of hysteria more or less since the robbery and Stevens' death, found her mistress, still wearing her somewhat diaphanous, wonderful wrap, in her boudoir.

"Major Collett, m'lady, 'e ask if it would be a convenience for you to permit a Mistaire Chef Inspecteur Pickle to see ze room and ze safe?"

"I—say yes!"

Lisette vanished. Lady Millborough passed a scrap of lace swiftly across her lips, and looked at herself in a mirror.

"Come in!" she cried, in answer to a knock.

Major Collett entered, Mr. Pickles behind him, looking diffident and depressed.

Just for a moment his eyes met Lady Millborough's, those slate-coloured eyes of his slashed across with straight lids.

"I hope I'm not too early, Lady Millborough," he said courteously, but with a certain stiff formality worthy of Millborough's Chief Constable.

"Oh, no!" she answered, the great Society lady now. "But"—she smiled faintly—"you must excuse my *deshabille!*"

Collett bowed.

"This," he said, indicating Mr. Pickles, "is Chief-Inspector Pickles, of Scotland Yard, who's helping me."

"Proud to meet you, my lady!" murmured Mr. Pickles.

"Is the list finished?" asked Collett courteously, but officially.

"Practically; but you know how hard it is to describe jewels, even if you know them ever so well—and love them!"

Mr. Pickles shot a cuff. It was not really dirt that made it look unclean, but shorthand squiggles.

"Mr. Pickles would like to see the room, the safe, Lady Millborough, if it's not inconveniencing you."

"If you please, my lady. I understand that it was not completely emptied of its contents?"

"One or two things were left; overlooked, I suppose," answered Lady Millborough indifferently.

She was the Society woman now to whom a display of feeling was bad form.

"You can go in the next room," she added.

Mr. Pickles expressed himself deeply grateful for the favour extended to him, and looked as depressed as if his mission were the measuring of a body for burial purposes.

Just for a moment his sorrowful eyes rested on Lady Millborough. But though he looked like an undertaker, he was not measuring her body. He was measuring the depth of her mind.

The bedroom adjoined the boudoir, a rare and most luxuriously furnished apartment.

"I'll explain things," said Collett to Lady Millborough.

"Thanks!" she answered. "And then could I have a word alone with you, Major Collett?"

Again their eyes met, and there was an appeal, an impassioned appeal in the woman's—such an appeal as she had never made to her husband.

"By the way," said Collett, stepping to her, "the safe's locked. I gave you back the key."

She found it and gave it to him. Their hands touched.

"Graeme," she whispered, without moving her lips, "I must see you alone!"

* * *

A few jewels had been left behind by the thief, but they were not in the safe when Collett unlocked it, and explained and theorised in curt, cocksure, military tones for the benefit of Mr. Pickles.

Mr. Pickles looked completely beaten. He ventured no theories of his own. Once, however, he thrust a hand into one of the jewel-drawers of the safe and made a little discovery that had escaped the Chief Constable and his Millborough men.

A loose diamond and a small one.

Mr. Pickles pulled out his jeweller's glass and examined it. It had evidently slipped from a setting.

"What is it?" demanded Collett curtly.

Mr. Pickles glanced at the door. It was closed. He hesitated a moment.

"Only paste!" he whispered sadly.

Quite recently Mr. Pickles had added to his reputation in the matter of a Society jewel mystery, and was quite an expert in the matter of precious stones.

"Paste?" echoed Collett. "Well, Lady Millborough probably had paste as well as real stones. Old paste is exceedingly valuable."

"Oh, I know," apologised Mr. Pickles. "But it's not worth much on the market—the criminal diamond market. Of course, of course, that must be it. Lady Millborough had old paste as well."

Mr. Pickles still had the jeweller's glass wedged like a small funnel in one eye-socket. Both eyes were bright, but the glass magnified the one, and it appeared extraordinarily bright and full of ferret-like intelligence. But only for a second."

"Now," he said presently, "if I could see the servants. Oh, yes. I'm forgetting this little stone. I had better give it to Lady Millborough."

"I'll do that!" said Collett. "Come along. I'll find Eccles, the butler. He'll muster the servants for you."

"I'd rather see them individually," said Mr. Pickles.

"I've been through the lot," said Collett rather impatiently. "But of course you can."

"I should like," apologised Mr. Pickles.

Collett took the loose stone and conducted Mr. Pickles from the bedroom. Presently he returned. Chief Constables are not hampered by conventions in the execution of their duties. He knocked on the door of Lady Millborough's boudoir.

"Come in!"

He entered, and closed the door.

They were alone, Chief Constable Collett and Lady Millborough.

"What is it?" He spoke almost brutally.

The woman slipped up to him, and put her arms round his neck. He caught her hands and pulled them off.

"Good heavens!" he whispered. "What are you doing? If anyone came in!"

"Graeme!" she whispered back, clinging to him again, "you must help me—you shall help me! Have you forgotten?"

"Nothing!" he answered hoarsely. "But remember where we are, what we are—now!"

His brows slashed that dark continuous line across his eyes.

"Graeme, you must help me—you shall—or I shall confess all to my husband. Those jewels, those jewels, they must not be found!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

The Arrest of Fairy Willow.

FAIRY WILLOW sat up in bed and stared about her with sleep-dazed eyes.

Where was she? Then, waking more properly, she realised—not in that horrible house in St. John's Wood, but at Mrs. Paul's. A sigh of relief escaped her.

But the next moment she shivered as she remembered the past night and its happenings—the escape from Mrs. Lustleigh, the scene with Roy Montfaunt and Sir Harold Hilmon at the latter's flat, and her flight from it, escorted by Roy. After that, the haven of Mrs. Paul's tender arms.

But at any minute her sanctuary might be invaded by the police! Fairy hunched her elbows on her knees, and cradled her chin in the hollow of her hands, a prey to the old fears.

Her eyes travelled round the room desperately. What clothes could she wear when she got up? Mrs. Lustleigh had taken everything of her own from her in exchange for the white satin evening gown. The girl's face flamed shamefully at the recollection, and it was still burning hotly when the door opened.

A tray appeared, behind it a girl who was a perfect stranger.

"Where—where's Mrs. Paul?" asked Fairy, staring at her.

"Ma's too busy to come up now," replied Rosie—for she it was—as she placed the tray on the bed. "So she sent 'yours truly' up with your breakfast. I'm assistant-housekeeper to ma!"

Fairy still stared at the breezy, smiling girl.

"Are you her daughter?" she asked.

"Great Scott, no!" laughed Rosie brightly. "I call Mrs. Paul 'ma' because it's a way with us pros to call our landlady 'ma' if she's a good sort, and Mrs. Paul is the best pal I ever had. She's been a true pal to dozens of girls on the stage like me."

There was something infectious about Rosie's breeziness. This slangy, Bohemian type of girl with a heart of gold—was a new experience for Fairy. Already she felt drawn towards her, and, for a moment forgetting her troubles, she pricked up her ears at the word "stage."

"The stage—you're an actress?" she questioned, a little breathlessly.

"I should rather say I was!" laughed Rosie, her pretty white teeth gleaming. "Born in the profession. Father a lion-tamer, mother a dancer, and my nursery a dressing-room. I ate half a stick of grease-paint before I was three, and still live to tell the tale!"

"I—I wanted to go on the stage!" choked Fairy. But never had the stage seemed farther from her than now.

"Well, look here," was Rosie's quick reply. "You and I are going to be pals. I can put you up to no end of wrinkles. But we can talk presently. You get on with your breakfast."

Fairy obeyed, almost meekly, wrestling with food that well-nigh choked her.

"What's that?"

The words broke from her, sudden fear on her face, as the cries of a newsboy pierced into the room. It was [illegible], and away at Dudlington the coroner's jury to wrestle with the mystery of Stevens' death, had just taken his seat.

Lady Millborough clung to the Chief Constable. "Graeme, you must help me," she whispered. "Have you forgotten?"

"Would you mind," [illegible] Fairy [illegible] "would you mind [illegible] me a paper? I don't know your name."

"[illegible]"

"Place [illegible] a paper [illegible] ask Mrs. Paul [illegible] want [illegible] her!"

"[illegible]" said [illegible] and went to the door.

Her [illegible] nature was keen to help Fairy, though as yet she had not let her know that her identity was no secret to her. That must come from Mrs. Paul later.

At the door she paused.

"I say," she said, with seemingly curious inconsequence. "We're about the same size, aren't we?"

"What makes you say that?" whispered Fairy,

For the two best verses I will give prizes of five shillings. Mark postcards "Winner." (See page 484.)

as she tried to catch the newsboy's cries, her hands locked convulsively.

"Oh, nothing! Only I can lend you any clothes, if you should want them."

Then she was gone from the room. On the stairs she met Mrs. Paul. For a few moments they spoke together in quick whispers. Then Mrs. Paul went to Fairy's room, her worn, but still beautiful face alive with womanly tenderness.

And at sight of her Fairy, with a little cry that expressed gratitude as well as a craving for sympathy and help, reached out her arms.

An instant later Mrs. Paul's arms were round her, holding the child woman very closely to her—all the mother in her nature uppermost.

"I haven't thanked you yet for all you've done for me," sobbed Fairy.

Mrs. Paul caressed her golden head.

"Oh, believe me," went on Fairy, strengthened somehow by the touch of those worn but motherly hands, "I just ran away because I hated being at the Hall. I didn't know the jewels were stolen till I heard the newsboys shouting in the streets, and then I went sort of mad and just ran away!"

"I believe you!" whispered Mrs. Paul, and her belief gave further strength to Fairy. "But the bag?"

She wanted to know all there was to know.

"It wasn't mine. Bob Evans got it for me from the woodman's hut. I told you I'd lost the key, but I only said that because I was afraid you'd think it funny that I couldn't unfasten my own bag, and I didn't want you to know that I'd run away."

Then Fairy told Mrs. Paul all that is known to our readers.

"And last night——" She hid her face against the woman's bosom. "Oh believe me I didn't understand at first, and the wine and the clothes——"

Mrs. Paul drew her closer. Her worn face was almost terrible in its expression now, for Fairy had told her of meeting with Mrs. Lustleigh and of the happenings at the Red House, though she held back Sir Harold's name.

"But——"

Fairy whispered something.

"Thank God!" breathed Mrs. Paul.

But had Fairy whispered a confession of tragic ruin instead of a story of a man's better impulse and salvation, the woman, known many years ago as Mary Ryder, would not have been the less tender, less merciful, less loving.

She broke a long silence.

"Have you a sister?" she asked.

"Yes," came the quick reply. "Beth. Why do you ask?"

"Because yesterday, after you had gone and I was out, someone called."

"Was she tall, dark, and beautiful? Beth's beautiful!"

Minnie Tillett had since described Beth to Mrs. Paul.

"Yes, and"—there was a little quiver in Mrs. Paul's voice, but she ruled it quickly—"and she came from Lancashire!"

"Beth! Oh, that's Beth! But where is she? Why——"

"My girl, Minnie doesn't know. She waited, but when I came back she was gone, and she has not been here since."

"She's searching for me," sobbed Fairy. "What am I to do?"

It was her old cry. She raised her head and looked appealingly at Mrs. Paul. She gave a little start.

"You—you remind me of Beth, somehow!"

A streak of autumnal sunshine, piercing a London fog that was creeping over the Corus Street lodging-house, had fallen on Mrs. Paul's delicate, wan face that suffering and unselfishness had ennobled with their own peculiar beauty.

She bowed her head for a moment to hide her eyes from those of the girl. Yet it was not so very remarkable that one of her sister's daughters should be like her. Again there was a silence, broken at last by Mrs. Paul.

"You will be brave, won't you?" she said, "and and——"

"And—and go to the police?" shivered Fairy, horror pouncing on her.

Stevens lay dead. Bob Evans was under arrest. What had happened since she last saw a paper? What a long time Rosie Gay was!

"Yes," said Mrs. Paul. "Tell them what you have told me; put your sister out of her suspense. It is the wisest, the best thing you can do, Mary. You will let me call you Mary——"

"But to be taken back to Millborough to be laughed at, the servant who wanted to go on the stage, even if they believed me innocent, and I'm sure they won't!"

"Is—is your father alive?" asked Mrs. Paul.

"Dad, poor dad!" choked Fairy. "He's in hospital."

She began to weep very bitterly now. Mrs. Paul's head was bowed again, her eyes hidden.

"For his sake, be brave!"

"I'll—I'll try to—yes, yes, Mrs. Paul, I'll try to! I'll go! I'm innocent!"

Then the door opened, and Rosie, carrying a paper, came quietly into the room. Her mouth was twisted a little as she struggled to prevent it from quivering.

"What is it?" cried Fairy.

"Some one of the name of Willow," said Rosie, in quick, low tones, "was run over yesterday and taken to the Royal Hospital. At first they thought it was—you. But they say now it's a sister who came up to London——"

Rosie made no pretence now to maintain the fiction that she was unacquainted with Fairy's identity.

"Oh, dear God—Beth!"

Fairy's body rocked. She loved Beth, if she loved any one, though she had loved her own little selfish, vain self infinitely more in the past. But at this moment her selfishness had been brought home to her; remorse and grief assailed her.

"Let me go to her!" she moaned.

She clung to Mrs. Paul.

"Don't let them take me, Mrs. Paul, till I've been to Beth, asked her forgiveness. I've been cruel, selfish; this is my fault! Oh, Beth, Beth—unselfish, loving, never complaining! I've done this! Let me go to her!"

She slipped from the bed.

"I will go!" she cried.

But no one wished to restrain her. Mrs. Paul knew that it was right that she should go.

"Rosie!" she whispered, happy that the child-woman's affection for her sister had triumphed over selfish fear. "Clothes!" Then to Fairy, "Yes, I will take you——"

"Don't let the police get me till I've been to Beth! Is she very much hurt? Don't say she won't live! Don't tell me that!"

She was gabbling, her eyes dry and big. Her grief was tearless now.

The London fog had crawled on. The room in the Corus Street lodging house was darkening.

"They say in the paper," answered Rosie brokenly, "that she's—very bad."

"Clothes, Rosie!" Mrs. Paul's womanliness was practical now.

After that it was very quick and very blurred to Fairy Willow.

Rosie returned with clothes, and Fairy did not trouble about their fit and style now. But had she done so and looked in a glass she would have seen that Rosie Gay's best blue coat and skirt became and fitted her well. She saw Mrs. Paul whisper something to Rosie, and then Rosie, with a sudden rush of tears to her eyes, took Fairy in her arms, kissed her, and in a choking voice whispered: "Good luck, little girl!"

Fairy Willow was arrested at last!

The fog seemed in the house itself now. Fairy's brain as well as her eyes blurred. . . . She was conscious that Mrs. Paul had donned hat, coat, and veil, and was taking her arm. . . .

They were in the street, the fog like a yellow, smoking wall in front of them. Hoarse shouts fell on their ears. Men, armed with torches, flashed across their path, leaving them in a greater darkness the next moment.

But Mrs. Paul, the girl's arm tight within her own, pressed on. Then she paused, bewildered, well as she knew the neighbourhood. Vehicles either crawled at snail's pace, or were standing still. Vans and carts, but never a cab.

"Oh, can't we get on!" whispered Fairy.

"Yes, yes!"

Mrs. Paul was moving on again.

And a figure behind them, more like a blurred shadow than a human being, that had paused when they paused, moved on again also.

The lights of a taxicab blazed out suddenly and blurredly upon them.

"Let's get into this cab—quick—Mrs. Paul!"

Quickly Mrs. Paul spoke to the chauffeur.

"It'll be a slow job, m'm!" he said.

Mrs. Paul opened the door, but as she did so the figure more like a shadow than a human being quickened, reached them, and touched Fairy on the arm.

She turned totteringly. The man was clearer now in the hazy lights of the taxicab, and she looked into a lean, hard face. A strangled cry came from her. Instinct explained.

He was a detective.

Fairy Willow was arrested at last!

"Let me go to Beth first!" she screamed. "Mrs. Paul, don't let him take me! Let me get to Beth first!"

(Another long instalment next week.)

"What! Captain again this year? I thought you were too——"
"Yes, I was too—fat, as you were going to say; but I took Antipon, you see, and reduced my weight 27lb. Why don't you take Antipon, dear, and be one of us again?"

OFFENSIVE OVER-FATNESS.

Problem of Permanent Cure with Complete Recovery of Health and Vigour Definitely Solved.

It seems strange, when one comes to ponder over the matter, that up to within a very few years no genuine permanent cure for obesity had ever been given to the world. Old notions had survived, and to some extent, unfortunately, still survive. People still imagine, it would seem, that they can starve their bodies down to normal weight without detriment to health and vitality. What an error! And how great the evil that has been wrought through belief in such a fallacy!

Since the discovery of the famous Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity there is no longer any excuse for taking irritative drug-remedies or starving the body down to a condition of dangerous weakness. Those abuses, together with the excessive use of cathartics, violent exercising, &c., will soon be relegated to the long list of forgotten things.

With a large minority of men and women there is an inherent bodily tendency towards obesity. The tendency may long lie dormant until at some time or other, most often in the prime of life, there is a grim surprise—a sudden and alarming putting on of weight and bulk, and a swift smothering of the slender, gracile lines of beauty—of figure, face, and limbs. This is obesity in its early stage. There must be no beating about the bush, no starving, no dangerous drugging, no exhausting exercises, nothing weakening above all things; Antipon is needed; Antipon must be taken; for this great product, purely vegetable in composition and positively harmless, not only quickly eliminates the superfluous fat that is giving so much cause for alarm, but overcomes that distressing tendency to put on flesh to which we have just referred. That tendency once suppressed, there is no further cause for dismay. With the rapid recovery of normal weight and symmetry of proportions, the Antipon treatment may be laid aside with perfect confidence. The cure is complete and lasting.

In over-fatness or obesity the digestive system is all "at sixes and sevens." This organic disturbance is at once one of the causes and one of the effects of the disease of obesity. Antipon puts matters right, gives renewed tone to the digestive organs, promotes a keen appetite, and so renews that efficient nutrition of the body which is absolutely essential to physical beauty and fitness.

There is a decrease of weight within a day and a night of the first dose of Antipon—something between 8oz. and 3lb., according to the amount of over-fat to be got rid of for good.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

If you sat down hurriedly in a restaurant and you found—— ☞

Should Goalies Wear Gloves?

And Other Suggestions which, if Adopted, would Improve Football.

Should goalkeepers always wear gloves?

This is not a riddle, but a serious football question, well worth the serious consideration of the rulers of the game.

Two seasons ago the League made a law, which has since been strictly carried out, by referees, that goalkeepers must wear distinctive sweaters. If a team is in red, its goalkeeper must not wear red; if it is in blue, blue is forbidden to the man between the posts.

The object of this is to avoid confusion. A goalkeeper has privileges denied to the rest of his side—he is allowed to use his hands in dealing with shots, and he must not be charged unless he is actually in possession of the ball, for example, and it is to render easier the referee's task of instantly seeing that these privileges are not usurped by others that goalkeepers must dress differently.

But the rule has not quite achieved its object. Often in an exciting "scrum" in the goal-mouth a fist flashes through the air and beats the ball away, and it is practically impossible for a referee to know whose fist it was. That is because the wearing of gloves by goalkeepers is optional, and consequently mistakes are liable to happen—and do happen.

Many a penalty kick has been wrongfully given because the referee imagined that the flashing fist was not the goalkeeper's when, as a matter of fact, it was; and many a perfectly legitimate appeal for a penalty is ignored because the fist is assumed to be the goalkeeper's when it is nothing of the sort.

Now, the compulsory wearing of gloves would obviate this and reduce mistakes to a minimum. Make all goalkeepers wear gloves and you will do away with many of the scenes which disgrace football grounds every Saturday.

Another matter that football authorities ought to go into fully is the question of injuries to players. Why should a side benefit by its opponents' misfortunes? Too frequently, it is to be feared, a player is maimed and compelled to leave the field through the foul work of an adversary, the guilty man being allowed to play on in spite of his misdeed.

This, surely, is not right. A player who injures another, whether by accident or design, so that he has to retire should, automatically, retire also, or else a substitute for the hurt one should be allowed to come on the field. In the case of a player having to retire from the ground permanently, owing to a broken limb or other severe disablement, a substitute should certainly be permitted; it is neither just nor logical that one team, through no fault of its own, should have to play ten men to its rivals' eleven.

It is a good many seasons ago now that the running throw-in from touch was barred and the standing one substituted for it, but it is high time that the old order of things was restored. Knowing that the present throw-in is of no value at all, footballers kick out on the slightest provocation, often spoiling promising scoring chances of their opponents and usually causing an irritating waste of time. Standing still, no one can throw in to much useful purpose, but, allowed to run, many players would doubtless soon become as proficient as Hugh Wilson, the old Sunderland half-back, used to be. Wilson could make a throw-in as dangerous as a free kick, and there seems no sound reason why it should not be permitted to be as dangerous.

Goals allowed to count direct from corner kicks, it not being necessary for a second player to touch the ball, and penalty kicks taken at a goal undefended by a goalkeeper, are two more additions to football law which should be sanctioned. There is much—most of it too obvious to require enlarging upon—to be said in favour of these claims and little to be said against them.

Another "common-sense" point is that on dry, lively grounds a ball which has previously been well soaked in water should be always used. A light, high-bouncing ball spoils a game.

Invisible Airships

The Latest Terror of the Skies.

Invisibility has long been the dream of scientists, and though it has been found almost impossible to make things invisible on land and sea, it will not be so difficult as far as the air is concerned.

Dark grey is extensively used for painting battleships, yet though difficult to the ordinary eye, the skilled seaman can spot such a warship, when stationary, at a distance of six miles. When moving and belching forth smoke, it is practically hopeless for a big cruiser to expect to hide itself within range of telescopes.

The invisible airship has already been patented by its inventor, Baron Roenne. Baron Roenne is well-known in England as an airship and naval engineer, so more respect must be paid to his ideas than to those who try inventing without any technical knowledge. He has already designed and built a number of dirigibles, and has put forward many ideas for making airships safer and more efficient.

Baron Roenne has submitted his idea to the officials at the Greenwich Royal Observatory, and they declare that it is based on scientific principles, and most certainly practicable. The way this remarkable airship is made invisible is as follows. Take a white wall and paste a white sheet of paper on it. At a distance of a few feet you may be able to detect where the paper leaves off and the wall begins. At a hundred yards the wall looks all wall. You would never suspect the paper of being there if you did not know already. That is Baron Roenne's idea.

The outside covering of his airship is made of chromium, a metal the composition of which is a secret. It is almost as strong as steel, yet it only weighs one-fourth as much. No hydrogen can leak from a vessel made of it, so the danger of an airship exploding from that cause disappears.

It is due to the discovery of chromium, in fact, that the invisible airship is possible. The most important thing about the metal as far as Baron Roenne is concerned, is that it possesses a very highly-polished surface.

This surface is covered over with a thin coating of transparent varnish. The whole surface of the dirigible, in fact, acts as a mirror, and reflects the same colour as its surroundings. If the sky is dull, so is the airship. If the sky is blue, so is the airship. The sides of the keel of this new airship are also reflecting mirrors, and by an ingenious arrangement of them, the darker shade reflected from the earth is made lighter. The keel will taper to a point, and thus there will be no shadow on the bottom of the airship. In fact, it will be like the chameleon, and always like the colour of its surroundings. In other words, it will be invisible!

Baron Roenne's new terror of the skies will be as large as the *Olympic*. The *Olympic*, if it could float in the skies, would easily be detected at a height of four or five miles, yet Roenne's dirigible will be absolutely invisible, even to telescopes, at a distance of less than a mile!

It is designed to carry four hundred passengers, or their equivalent in cargo, and it will be fitted with fifteen motors developing nearly two thousand horse-power! Patents have already been taken out in England.

What this "new sky scraper" will mean in time of war can hardly be realised. It could carry enough ammunition to utterly wreck any city, or blow the world's biggest navy to pieces. What is the terrible part about it, the enemy couldn't retaliate, for they would be unable to detect the airship. The only thing would be to fire into the air at random, a pretty weak defence, to say the least of it!

"Round at Her Place"

The Hard Problem of the Winter Lover.

By FRANCES MARY CURZON.

The way of the young man in love is all right during the summer months. It is in the winter that he finds it not so easy—then he naturally thinks of the old adage about the course of true love never running smooth.

In the summer evenings he can devise many little outdoor excursions by 'bus and tram and train or on foot that do not put too much of a strain upon his slender purse, and allow him the uninterrupted companionship of the young lady who holds his affections. With the coming of the long, dark evenings it is quite different. An evening in her company almost necessarily involves a visit to a place of entertainment of some sort—expenses greater than he can prudently manage, especially in view of that distant prospect of the little home which is to be got together.

She, being a sensible girl, is as much alive to this as he is himself, and it is admitted between them that the hospitality of her home is a way out. So he gets into the regular habit of calling at her home—the visits of "her young man" are an established British custom.

Indeed, would not our lovers fare badly without it?

But, even if this hospitality is freely given, as it is generally, there are many problems to confront the winter lover. He must never forget, as sometimes he does forget, that too frequent visits may make him an unwelcome visitor, and that this will establish a prejudice on her people's part against him which may have serious consequences.

Too often young lovers—both he and she—seem to see nothing in the world but themselves and their own love affairs. They must not let those love affairs inconvenience others.

The alacrity with which the young man accepts "her" mother's conventional invitation, "I hope you'll stay on to supper?" may be flattering and agreeable to that good lady for the first time or so, but if he *always* accepts, and after a time, manages, so to speak, to invite himself without even her formal encouragement, she is apt to think a good deal less of him for so doing.

Again, with the lover who becomes an unduly persistent caller, "her" father's comfort in his own house of evenings is likely to be seriously endangered. It does not take pa long to perceive this, either, and he becomes restless under the strain.

The youngster whom at first he thought a nice, bright, cheery young fellow, without nonsense in him, he labels to mother (after the subject of his remarks has at last departed) with a description altogether different and much less complimentary. He would have thought, too—he adds to mother—that their own daughter had more sense.

How can the young lover get over his winter difficulties? Simply by common sense, and remembering that he and she are not the only people in the world, and certainly not the only people in the house of her parents.

Her people are being kind and hospitable to him for the sake of their daughter whose happiness they desire. Let him remember that courtesy and thoughtfulness are due on his side. Let him show that he thinks of them.

"Her" mother's courting days are over, but no woman is ever old enough not to fully appreciate little attentions that are proof of thoughtfulness. If he finds out some little thing she wants, and brings it along as a present, he will be well rewarded by seeing her pleasure at the gift. Some day, when he is getting tickets for some entertainment, let him get a ticket for her as well and take care that the little party has an enjoyable evening. If he is thoughtful for her, she knows well he will be thoughtful for her beloved daughter, and this itself will make her really happy.

Then he will be certain that she will spare no trouble to make the way of the lovers smooth.

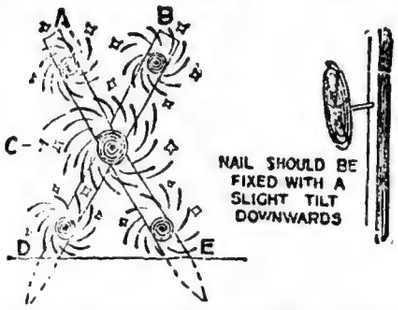
—that you had sat on a gentleman's new top hat, how would you apologise?

Hints for the "Fifth"

By Mr. ARTHUR BROCK,
Managing Director of the Famous Firework Firm.

FEW people realise what a fine firework display can be obtained on November 5th in return for quite a small outlay, in an ordinary small yard or garden, by the exercise of a little forethought. Where one's space is limited it is impossible to fling fireworks about broadcast in the old-fashioned way, and it is for the guidance of those with but little ground at their disposal that this article is written.

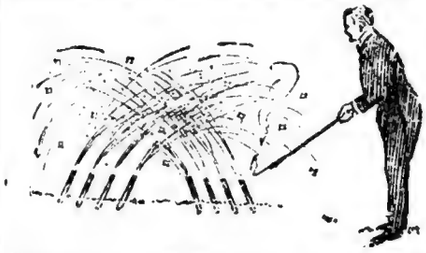
Look at the first illustration, for instance, and you will see a very simple and effective method of obtaining a picturesque Catherine Wheel display by means of two stakes fixed in the ground. Here we have five Catherine Wheels, A B, C, D, and E. A B, and D E are small ones, and the centre one,



The best way of lighting Catherine Wheels. Note the method of fixing the wheels to the stake.

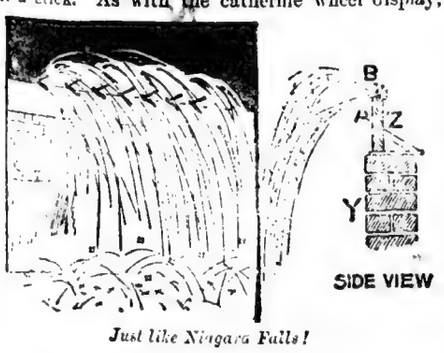
C, a bigger wheel. They are kept in position by means of French nails, one of which should be driven through the centre of each wheel, care being taken that the wheels can revolve freely. But remember that the head of the nail should slope slightly downwards, otherwise the wheel will rub against the woodwork as it flies round. The wheels should be of different effects, say, four ordinary and one incandescent, and can be procured at prices varying from ½d. to 6d. each. When lit, they will make an extraordinary blend of gyrating fire which is sure to be admired by the spectators.

It is customary to let off Roman Candles pointing straight into the air, but a much prettier effect can



Eight Roman Candles, set up like this, send forth a wonderful lattice-work effect.

be gained by arranging them after the manner shown in the second sketch. By fixing them in the earth thus a delightful lattice-work fire-pattern is procured, infinitely prettier than a mere row of these candles all shooting in a perpendicular line. Be careful, however, not to set them at too great an angle, or the stars will go almost straight on to the ground without rising properly. The drawing shows a display of eight Roman Candles, costing 2d., which have been lit with a taper tied to the end of a stick. As with the catherine wheel display,



Just like Niagara Falls!

it is advisable to select for this effect Roman Candles which show a variety of tails to the balls shot out. They can be obtained in gold and silver streamers, electric, peacock plumes, etc., and it is quite easy to stick them in the turf, as indicated.

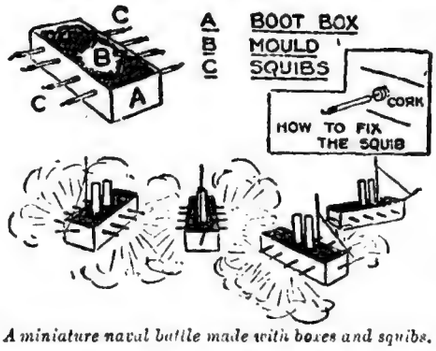
The way to make a miniature Niagara Falls is illustrated in the third drawing. Fix a board, Z, on top of your garden wall, Y, and fix a double row of Golden Rains and Golden Fountains along the top of this board, as shown. The Rains (A) are pointing downward, you will notice, while the Fountains (B) point upward. When lit, a splendid shower of fire will flow down over the wall, like a yellow waterfall.

Sketch No. 4 shows a good way of amusing the children on the night of the "Fifth." Take an ordinary garden rake and fasten one or more squibs to each of its prongs with string or wire; light them, and then let the child run off, dragging the fiery rake behind him.

Amusing the kiddies with a garden rake.

Another easily-contrived spectacle is the miniature naval battle.

Having procured, say, six cardboard boot-boxes, fill the bottoms with mould, then cut a number of small holes in the sides of each, fixing a squib into every hole by means of a round of cork with a small nail through the centre. See picture. Then fill the boxes right up with mould.



A miniature naval battle made with boxes and squibs.

According to your skill, so can the boot-boxes be transformed into gun-boats or Dreadnoughts.

A very exciting firework, when under proper control, is the cracker; but, when let off indiscriminately, it is apt to cause panic among the ladies, thus spoiling the enjoyment of the evening. This is a pity, because there is a splendid way of dealing with crackers. Obtain a long piece of string and fasten it across one end of your garden. Tie crackers at the end of short lengths of string to this line at intervals, so that they rest on the ground. You will then have a row of them, which, when lit, will start leaping to and fro in most exciting style, making a chain of living fire across

The flaming watering cans.

your grounds and hurting no one, as each firework is captive.

Good fun can be obtained, too, with a couple of watering-cans. Take a thin slat of wood, A in last sketch, and pin, say, three Scintilettes, B (which cost a penny for twelve), or farthing starlights, to the end. Next cut the wood down until it will fit pretty tightly into the spout of the watering-can. Then insert it, and when the fireworks are lit, take cans by their handles and swing them round, as shown in the picture, so that you stand in a circle of yellow hissing flames.

Switzerland's Gift to Britain.

The Secret of Curing Coughs, Colds, and all Chest Troubles.

If statistics could be compiled of the mortality in England during the foggy months, and compared with the mortality in Switzerland (where they have no fogs) during the same period, it would be found that England's death-rate is about 90 per cent. higher.

Not only have they no fog in Switzerland, but the air there is impregnated with the chest-strengthening balsams of the pine forests which keep all throat and lung troubles at bay.

Though only a small proportion of bronchial victims can visit Switzerland from this country for a "cure," it is possible, with Peps, for everyone to breathe in at home what is practically the same pure infection-killing air that makes the Swiss peasant so robust and free from lung trouble.

In a compact little brown tablet called Peps, sealed up within a silver jacket, are concentrated the medicinal properties of the far-away Swiss forest air; so that when a tablet is taken from its preserving cover and slowly dissolved upon the tongue, rare soothing fumes are given off which can then be taken direct deep down into the throat and lungs with the air we breathe.

These fumes disinfect the breathing apparatus in the chest, allay all irritation set up in the throat by the town smoke and the bad air, and in a few days effect a marvellous change, even in the worst victim of bronchitis.

Peps in regular use loosen the phlegm which makes our chest so wheezy and hinders our breathing almost to suffocation. The phlegm is then expelled in the natural way, and the lining of our breathing tubes, which has been torn by that incessant cutting cough, is quickly soothed and mended. New vitality is also put into the lungs by the same splendid medicine.

Bronchitis soon dies away with the use of Peps, which possess the secondary yet important advantage of being quite free from opium, chloral, morphia, and like harmful drugs. Peps may therefore be taken with safety and success by the frailest invalid and the oldest cough victim.

Peps can only do good, and they do good in a way that no liquid medicine which is swallowed into the stomach can do—that is *by reaching direct the delicate internal parts* (which are the parts affected in bronchitis, asthma, influenza, and chest complaints), and by bathing these parts in the rare healing balsams of the pine forest produced anew by the simple act of slowly dissolving a Peps tablet on the tongue.

Mrs. W. H. Perks, of 243 Great Lister Street, Birmingham, writes:—"I had a terrible cough for twenty-eight years. My chest was very troublesome, and I had difficulty in breathing. The coughing brought up a lot of phlegm, and often so exhausted me as to make my heart palpitate. Doctors' medicines didn't relieve me at all.

"Each succeeding year the symptoms got more severe, and after nearly thirty years' constant suffering I felt that nothing could ever cure me. That was before I tried Peps, however. Soon after I started with this new breatheable remedy the phlegm was loosened in my throat, and it came up quite easily. Peps also eased my cough splendidly, and made my breathing much freer. I shall always keep a box of Peps handy, as they are the best remedy I have ever tried."

The purity and effectiveness of Peps are well known. For warding off coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, influenza, sore throat, whooping-cough, pleurisy, pneumonia, and keeping at bay even consumption itself, there is nothing so reliable as Peps, which truly bring "a pine forest in Every Home." They are indispensable to the mother growing children, to the breadwinner toiling and in close room or overheated atmosphere, and to all who have good reason to fear the bad weather and winter's approach. So sure are the proprietors that Peps will comfort and benefit all chest sufferers, that they are willing to send a dainty free trial packet to all who send a penny stamp (for return postage) and this paragraph from *Pearson's Weekly*, November 9th, to The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds.

For the nicest apologies I will give five nice little watches. Mark postcards "Crushed." (See page 484.)

Explaining a Wonderful New System of Tracking Criminals.

THE way of the transgressor is hard. It became harder when the finger-print system of identification was officially adopted by the police—harder still when Dr. Galton discovered a powder which instantly made visible a previously invisible finger-mark, such as would be made by merely touching a sheet of notepaper.

But it is now going to be made the very hardest in the history of crime by a new discovery of M. Bertillon, which will almost literally have the effect of stamping his guilt on the face of the criminal.

The new system concerns itself entirely with those parts of the face that a man cannot disguise—the nose, the eyes, and the ears. The rest of the face it ignores.

As in the case of the finger-prints, the new system was ridiculed by the police when the inventor first offered it. M. Bertillon, however, cut short the objections by demanding to be put immediately to a severe test. A large crowd of men, women, and children was collected; a description of a face was given by the superintendent in accordance with the inventor's scheme, but without stating whether the face was that of a man, woman, or child.

Picked Out at Once.

The official trial was dramatic in the extreme. Merely giving the slightest glance at the sea of faces before him, M. Bertillon, without the least hesitation, picked his man. Lest chance might be thought to have had anything to do with it, the experiment was repeated again and again, each time with the same result.

Now you might perhaps think that M. Bertillon received a long detailed description of the nose, ears, and eyes of the person he was to identify. Nothing of the kind. One single word of description is all that is required. Thus you will see that the most amazing part of this system is its simplicity. The principle, which can be readily understood by the merest child, is as follows:

Bertillon divides noses into three kinds: convex, concave, and straight, and the ears into four: oval, square, triangular, round. The eyes are classed broadly as one of seven colours; but if there is an element of doubt about this the shape of the eyes and their distance from the nose can be added.

Now, it is known that the three classes of nose are more or less equally divided amongst the population. Accordingly a detective, standing in a crowded thoroughfare, knows at once that he can dismiss two-thirds of those that pass him. He has, therefore, one-third left to consider.

Next the ears. We have seen that he is only looking for one of four classes of ears. Consequently, the crowd is now narrowed down to one-fourth of one-third.

Then the eyes. He is looking for one of seven classes of eyes. This, therefore, brings him down to one-seventh of one-fourth of one-third of the passers-by. That is to say, he has absolutely eliminated eighty-three out of every eighty-four persons he meets.

Escape is Not Possible.

This by itself would be an enormous accomplishment. But it is really infinitely more than it sounds. For these statistics apply equally to men, women, and children. And as the detective knows which of these three he is looking for, the field is further reduced. Add to this the fact that he also probably has a rough idea of the height of the criminal, and may perhaps know of some other little detail, such as whether the eyes are close-set or wide-apart, and you will see that the criminal's percentage of chances of passing in a crowd vanish into thirty or forty places of decimals.

This, in broad outline, is the system which is being adopted by the French police. The detectives are being trained in its application. Every day for several months they have to pick their man out of a crowd without having seen a photograph of him.

Of course, the system is elaborated into a number of finer details. Ears in particular lend themselves readily to a number of obvious sub-divisions; and M. Bertillon has worked out five different classes of ear-lobe; the outer curves and the tragus (the little projection over the opening) are also separately treated. But sufficient has been said to give some idea of the marvellous power the system places in the hands of the police.

"MARRIAGE: Before—and After."

This Plain-spoken New Work Reveals Secrets that Every Adult Should Know.

The event of the publishing season, so far as Health and Purity books are concerned, is the publication of the standard work on Marriage, by Mr. A. Dennison Light. Its appearance at the present moment is especially timely in view of the startling evidence given before the Royal Commission on Divorce.

Mr. Light has already made his fame as a vigorous, original and unfearing writer on these subjects, but in his "Marriage: Before—and After" he has surpassed all his former efforts and achieved his masterpiece.

"Marriage: Before—And After," is a splendid piece of work, which every man or woman already married or contemplating marriage should read.

Writing in the most direct and plain-spoken manner, and scorning all prudish notions of unhealthy mock-modesty, the author deals with the great subject of Marriage in a most comprehensive and fascinating manner, giving to husband and wife, whether male or female, invaluable information, hints, and secret advice impossible to obtain elsewhere.

The necessity of such a book as this has long been felt.

The subject of Marriage lies at the very foundation of the national well-being.

The union of a man and a woman "for better or worse" is the most important event in the life of any individual, and the climax of human existence.

Upon its results depends the future of the race and the happiness of the individuals concerned.

Such an event demands therefore the most careful preparation on the part of those who contemplate entering into the state of matrimony.

It also demands that those men and women already married should take steps to ascertain the very best course to pursue *after* marriage. They cannot find these things out for themselves. They must rely upon the experience of others, experience always difficult to get on so delicate a subject as this.

But "Marriage: Before—And After" tells you all you want to know about these most important matters.

It contains the accumulated secrets of the best brains in the world on this question, secrets hitherto unobtainable except in very expensive medical works.

It shows how in young men thoughtlessness and want of knowledge is reponsible for untold matrimonial misery.

It shows also how ignorance in the case of young women, too, has led to unspeakable suffering and home-wrecking disasters.

And it helps you to avoid all these troubles.

Skilfully the author guides his readers past the treacherous snares and pitfalls that lie about the path of the unwedded, and shows how they can be avoided, and married comfort and enjoyment greatly increased.

HOW TO INCREASE MARITAL HAPPINESS AND ENJOYMENT.

He explains also how the result of following certain rules is seen in better home life, healthier offspring, and increased happiness.

Whilst in another part of this book you are shown how to guide against those habits which destroy love, and those blighting sins of which married people know so much.

For obvious reasons the complete contents of this book cannot be summarised here. In the following short synopsis some of the most important and valuable parts of this work are necessarily left out. But enough remains to give you an idea of what this great book is like, and by sending to the address below you can read the whole work from start to finish in your own private time.

Here is just the bare outline of what this book is—the skeleton stripped, as it were, of its flesh.

CHAPTER I.—The future of the child.—Dreadful ordeals.—Purpose of Author.

CHAPTER II.—Age at which to marry.—Result of early marriages.—Unripe parents.—What a physician says.—Proper ages.—Religion and marriage.—Law of choice.—Physical parents.—Love.—False love.—How not to be married.—Women who break hearts.—Advice.—When not to marry.

CHAPTER III.—Amativeness, its use and abuse.—Wrong notions.—Excitement.—After marriage.—Useful information.

CHAPTER IV.—Important Physiological Facts.—Those who wish to become parents.—The father's influence.—Heredity, etc. (A most valuable chapter this, which all married people should to read).

CHAPTER V.—Mainly about the Baby and nursing.

CHAPTER VI.—The law of the Husband.—The husband's duties.

CHAPTER VII.—The law of the Wife.—The wife's duties.—Her Rights, etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—Subjects of which more might be said.

This wonderfully interesting and informative book should be read and studied by every young man and young woman engaged to be married, as well as by those who are already married. Married men and women must read this book, and those contemplating marriage ought to read it.

Write then for this book now.

Seldom have delicate subjects been dealt with in a sensible, uncompromising way.

There is no shuffling or beating about the bush. The straightforward explanation of matters usually kept secret, an explanation which everyone can follow and understand, which gives the most valuable assistance to all married people and to all who are hoping to shortly merge their lives into another's.

The demand for copies of this book is already enormous, the danger is that the whole edition will be sold out.

Make sure of getting your copy then by writing for it to-day.

Fill up this coupon and post it off. By return post it will be sent you in under plain cover.

COUPON.

To the Health and Vim Publishing Co.,
109 Vim House, 73 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,
I enclose 1s. 2d. Please send me post free by return mail copy of "Marriage: Before—and After."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

£488

Has now been Paid for

SPARKLETS.

Enter this Week's Contest. You may send 2 Attempts for 6d.

THE ideal competition for winter evenings. This phrase aptly describes "Sparklets," and we wish you to share in the pleasure which this competition affords, and also in the prize money distributed, by entering this week's contest.

It is quite easy to make Sparklets. What you have to do is to make a sentence or phrase containing the letters of a given word. This week it is "Ring," which you will find on the entry form opposite.

An example sentence, which must not be used, and which will show you how to make your Sparklets, might read as follows:

ChuRch chImes wakeN sluGgarl.

You will see at a glance that each word of your phrase must contain one of the letters of "Ring," but these letters need not be the initials of the words of your phrase, a fact which simplifies your task considerably. At the same time, the words of your phrase should contain the letters of "Ring" in their proper order.

You may send two Sparklets on one entry form for 6d.

[illegible] the prize money available will be awarded to the competitor whose "Sparklet" is considered the best by the adjudicators, and the remainder will be distributed among those other competitors whose attempts come next in merit.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified. Two attempts may be written on one entry form, but any number of entry forms may be sent in provided each entry form is accompanied by a postal order for 6d.

2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a [illegible] *for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

3. Mark your envelope "Sparklets No. 14" in the top left-hand corner.

4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, November 8th.

5. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with the entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form, the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.), one half will be awarded to the sender of the Sparklet considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a Sparklet thus selected by the adjudicators, this half will be divided amongst all such senders.

7. The remaining half will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

8. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM. SPARKLETS No. 14.

No. of Postal Order .....

RING.

(1) .....

.....

(2) .....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RESULT OF "SPARKLETS" No. 11.

IN this contest the amount available for distribution is £40, which brings the total prize money divided up to £488. The first prize of £20 has been awarded to B. Lockman, 311 Camberwell Road, who submitted the following "Sparklet" on **ART**:

SignAture woRship—mosTly.

20 GIFTS OF £1 EACH.

W. Allen, Howey, Llandrindod Wells, Radnor; L. Baddeley, East End, Alford; T. Bairner, Downfield, Dundee; Mrs. Baker, 7 Royal Parade, West Croydon; A. P. Bennett, 2 Union Terr., Holytown Rd., Mossend; T. Blair, 116 Renwick St., Glasgow; A. Bligh, 220 Kilburn Lane; W. Brander, 12 Effie Rd., Walham Green; C. H. Challis, 622 High St., Streatham; Miss G. Cotter, 90 Sherwood Rd., Roxeth; A. Cowell, 24 Chadwick Rd., Eccles; J. Crisp, 2 Longworth Rd., Horwich, Bolton; F. Denley, Holly Green, Upton-on-Severn; Miss C. Evans, Llanthewy, Caerleon, Mon.; A. Gould, 10 Ella St., Hull; J. Graham, 25 Primrose Terr., Edinburgh; G. M. Grant, 11 Clytha Sq., Newport, Mon.; J. Martin, 4 Victoria Parade, Norbury; Miss K. Nelson, 255 North Rd., Preston; Mrs. Thompson, Edenbank Ho., Gateside, Fife.

Supposing you were a partridge and you wrote a letter to the editor of a paper.

Cruel Fines in Clothing Factories

ANOTHER ARTICLE ON THE CURSE OF FACTORY FINES.

Girls Never Get a Full Week's Wages.

Clothing Trade Worst of all British Industries.

In no British industry are the workers subjected to more fines and deductions than in the clothing trade. Here again the victims of the pernicious system are mostly women and girls, and in the great centres—Leeds, Manchester, and the East End of London—the evil has wrought fearful havoc, both physical and moral. A worker has not the slightest idea on a Monday morning what her wages will total on the Saturday.

Here are some of the fines imposed in a clothing factory:

Leaving the factory without hat or bonnet or standing about in the doorway. Fine 2d.

Defacing a wage book (unintentionally or otherwise). Fine 2d.

Taking a mug, plate, basket, or dish into the workroom. Fine 2d.

Gossiping, shouting, or behaving unseemly. Fine 2d.

A girl leaving her place in the workroom without what is considered sufficient reason. Fine 2d.

Absenting oneself from work without leave. (Illness is seldom accepted as an excuse.) Fine 6d. a day.

Using wrong sewings. Fine 1s.

Taking work out without it being entered when it should be. Fine 6d.

Taking work out of the room. Fine 1s.

Losing file tickets. Fine 2d.

Placing tickets into wrong bundles. Fine 2d.

Turning on the electric light. Fine 6d.

Changing from one machine to another without leave of the mechanic. Fine 1s.

Ten Strikes in Twelve Years.

At one factory, fines, deductions, and reductions led to something like ten strikes in twelve years. A girl may be fined over six shillings in one week. If she be forced to stay away, through sickness, she is fined without having an opportunity to explain.

At other factories the workers are fined also for talking. Nor is any consideration given to slackness of work and the consequent low earnings of the "hands."

The fact that a worker's wage this week may be only half of what it usually is has no effect upon the system, neither does it influence in the slightest the extent to which she may be unjustly penalised. Some time ago, for example, a girl whose total earnings for the week were 1s. 3½d. was fined a shilling, so that she took home 3½d.

Her low wage was due to bad trade. But she was not permitted to stay away. For the few coppers handed to her she had spent that week, at the factory, forty-nine hours, and had she stayed at home she would have been fined still more.

A girl's work sheet contains, as a rule, various columns headed "C" (cooking), "F" (fines), "S" (sewings), and so on, and in each column at the week-end are entered the fines and deductions to which she has been subjected during the previous six days.

One of the Wickedest Fines.

Under "C" is entered a penny, which is deducted to help pay the wages of a cook and assistants, whose duty it is to warm up the girls' dinners. But it is not uncommon to find that the sum realised by the pennies is far in excess of the amount paid in wages. The balance is not returned to the workers, however; it goes to the firm.

Under "F" appear the various fines. Under "S" are the charges for the sewing threads used—used for the sole benefit of the employer and paid for by the employee.

The last-named deduction (deduction is practically another name for fining) is the cause of more dissatisfaction among the women and girls in the clothing trade than anything else, and it threatens to lead to grave trouble in the near future. The workers argue, and argue fairly, that they ought not to be called upon to supply material which is to be used in making clothing sold by their masters and for their masters' good alone.

Suppose a girl is given instructions to make a light costume or mantle which has to be sewn with silk of the same colour. A reel of silk is supplied by the employer, and 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d. is deducted for the silk from her wages. Now the girl probably will only use one-eighth or one-tenth of the silk and the rest is left on her hands. She may not be able to use it for years, but no allowance is made. There are girls in Leeds with ten and a dozen partly used reels of silk lying rotting at home, and the price, not only of what is left, but of what has been used also, has been deducted from their wages.

The inference is that the employer is afraid if the girls were not charged for the silk that they would waste it or take it home, but this assumption is not only grossly unfair, it is ridiculous. The employees are well watched, and such pilfering would be well-nigh impossible. But the strongest argument against this deduction lies in the fact that several firms have abolished the system and have no trouble as to wastage or theft of material.

The practice leads to corruption of the worst type. In some factories, for example, the girls are charged by employers 5½d. for a reel, and they can buy a similar reel outside for 3½d., or one, at any rate, that answers the purpose.

They Have to be Hypocrites.

What happens? Why, the girls do what thousands of other girls would do in similar circumstances—they buy the cheaper reels.

Thousands of these cheaper reels are said to be bought weekly by the work girls. The system, in plain words, breeds deceit, and encourages the workers to play the hypocrite. The masters are led to believe that the girls are using the firm's thread carefully and sparingly when all the time it is not the firm's thread at all that is being used.

Whether the reels bought at a less price outside are of the same value as those supplied in the factories is, of course, a question which can only be decided by those in the trade. The masters say "No." The workers say "Yes, they are quite as good." And it is strikingly significant that there is no case on record of an employer or a foreman having found out the difference.

Some firms are in the habit also of making their girls pay for the needles that are fixed to the machines, a small imposition, but exceedingly malicious. These needles are not the ordinary ones known to every housewife; they are fitted to the mechanism by the firm's mechanic, and the girls have really very little to do with them. Should the mechanic set one badly it is sure to break sooner or later. Then the girl has to pay for it.

Never Get a Full Week's Wage.

Always the girl or the woman. Men, in this as in other trades, *because* they are men, are rarely subjected to these disturbing and disgraceful penalties.

"But the women," a male worker remarked, "the women—they are treated as if they were insane and didn't know the difference between right and wrong. A full week's wage is a thing unknown to them, a thing almost unheard of. And there are no exceptions. Show me a woman or a girl working in a factory where fines are imposed whose wages are not tampered with regularly every week and I will give you a recipe for making radium."

Next week we will describe the wholesale deductions made in the case of damaged goods, and will throw a still stronger light on the regrettable conditions that flourish, unchecked and unchallenged, among the workers who make the country's clothes.

In next week's issue, also, we hope to make a definite announcement regarding the proposed Petition to Parliament. Turn to the first paragraph on the Editorial page in this number.

(Articles on this subject which have already appeared are: "A Review of the System," "Fining in Lancashire Mills," "Suicide, the Workers' only Remedy," and "The Pitiful Plight of Girl Pen-makers.")

EMINENT ARTIST: "Be careful of the picture; it's not dry."

Porter: "All right, sir; I've got my old coat on."

100 PER CENT. NUTRIMENT

This article should be read by all who have the good health of their families and themselves at heart.

It shows the striking value of

OXO

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

The food of the people

made by

the firm with the farms

Scientific investigation has set certain values on the foods consumed by the human race. For example, two ounces of oatmeal give an energy value of 260 calories, bread of 140 calories, potatoes 50 calories, one egg 70 calories, and so forth. But this value almost always falls far short in practice, because the system fails to assimilate the food eaten.

In other words, there is great waste of material during digestion—and especially in debilitated conditions. This waste often causes a serious disturbance to health—the food taken proving a detriment instead of a nutrient. In simple English, the system becomes like a choked fire which either burns badly or refuses to burn at all. It is overloaded with fuel but gives little heat.

Now this is where OXO proves its power, OXO, as well as being a nutritious food in itself, is, in the words of the scientists, one of the greatest '*promoters of absorption*' known to man—it has an effect on the processes of nutrition which is simply extraordinary. In other words, OXO makes the food-furnace glow with healthy activity—which helps the system to absorb and use *all* the nutriment from other foods.

Porridge, eggs, bread, tapioca, rice, and similar foods in suitable quantities yield the full 100 per cent. of their nutriment *when they are accompanied by OXO.* Even milk, which is set out to be an ideal food, is often indigestible—a fault at once removed by the addition of OXO.

Strange as it may seem, the stomach is like the brain, inasmuch as it requires to be interested in order to work properly. The brain goes to sleep listening to a dull discourse or lecture. The stomach "goes to sleep" when it is asked to digest uninteresting food. And just as a brilliant speaker who infuses life, vigour and emphasis into his words can rouse the dullest audience to enthusiasm so OXO, by its wonderful properties, makes a meal of any kind interesting to the digestive organs. The digestive process becomes harmonious—and the individual gains a sense of energy, support and well-being entirely unknown when OXO is absent.

Remember, then, that OXO not only imparts its own special nutriment to the system, but that it *ensures* from all classes of foods their highest nutritive value, it *ensures* the system absorbing the full 100 per cent. nutriment from the food eaten.

INSIST ON

OXO

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

TELL YOUR TRADESMAN

IF IT ISN'T OXO—IT WON'T DO

(See the Word OXO on the Bottle)

OXO, THAMES HOUSE, QUEEN STREET PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

Your letter would, of course, protest against being shot. What would you say?

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. **Cul-de-sac.**
2. **Quidnunc.**
3. **Boxers (Chinese).**
4. **Risley Artiste.**
5. **Demurrage.**
6. **Greek Gifts.**

They are everyday expressions, and I want *you* to explain them. I give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the best and clearest.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Thursday, November 9th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 49.

(1) PARNASSIAN HEIGHTS.

The following explanation, submitted by F. Ward, 53 Birkhall Road, Catford, has gained the prize of 10s. 6d:

Mount Parnassus was the chief seat of Apollo and the Muses, and anyone reaching the "heights" was supposed to be inspired by its surroundings to extraordinary brilliancy and success in regard to poetry and song. To reach "Parnassian heights" nowadays means obtaining deserved fame for great poetic or artistic exploits.

(2) TABOO.

The definition selected as the best was received from W. Gray, 13 Gladstone Terrace, Edinburgh. The prize-winner wrote:

In the language of a Polynesian Islander, "taboo," or "tabu" as it is sometimes spelt, is the word used to indicate that a certain thing has been consecrated. We, in England, have naturalised the word, and extended its meaning to anything which is prohibited.

(3) CONSULATE.

J. Mason, The Willows, Olive Mount, Birkenhead, contributed the winning explanation in these terms:

A modern Consul is the commercial representative of one Power at a business centre of another; and his official residence, or office, is the "Consulate." This is regarded as the territory of the Power he represents, and interference with its integrity is a gross breach of international law.

(4) FOOL'S PARADISE.

The winner, C. E. Laurence, Walesby, Market Rasen, thus explained the above phrase:

A man lives in a "Fool's Paradise," when, satisfied with the enjoyment of the moment, he persistently shuts his eyes to the illusory character of his hopes for the future. The phrase originated in the theological conception of a *limbus fatuorum*, a place for idiots just outside Paradise.

(5) YOUNG TURKS.

The prize in this contest was awarded to E. O. Hughes, 43 Deacon Road, Widnes, who submitted the following:

This name is given to those Turks who have given up old political methods and ideas, and have set out to introduce modern methods and systems. They have recently become the predominant political party in Turkey, and claim to speak particularly for the rising generation.

(6) WHITE ELEPHANT.

The winning definition by A. McCormick, 88 Albert Street, Glasgow, was thus expressed:

White elephants are sacred in Siam, and are the property of the King. Their upkeep is very expensive because of their gorgeous trappings and numerous attendants. The term is, therefore, used to denote anything the maintenance or upkeep of which is expensive yet which serves no useful purpose.

WHAT WOULD THE PARROT SAY?

£5 for Best Remark. Consolation Gifts, £5.

THIS week the Parrot, like the sociable creature he is, has been at a dance. It proved to be an eventful dance, for young Snooks, while showing his paces in a waltz, accidentally trod on his partner's dress. We invite you to tell us in a fifth line to the unfinished verse below what the Parrot said as he witnessed the incident.

This last line that you add need not rhyme nor scan with any of the other lines of the verse, but it may not contain more than six words, nor fewer than three, and should have some bearing on the rest of the verse.

To the sender of the attempt considered the best, a prize of £5 will be awarded, while £5 in consolation gifts will also be distributed.

The verse which we wish you to complete is as follows:

As Snooks was once trying to dance
The new-fangled waltz at a ball,
He trod on his partner's new dress,
And the Parrot was then heard to call:
. . . . . .

An example last line, which must not be used, might read as follows: "*You should look before you leap.*"

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write the Parrot's comment on a postcard, and address it to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. If you like, you may inclose your postcard in an envelope.
2. Mark your postcard "Dress" on the top left-hand corner. Attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, November 9th.
3. To the sender of the attempt considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In addition, ten consolation gifts of 10s. each will be awarded to the competitors whose efforts come next in merit.
4. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

RESULT OF "MAUD" PARROT CONTEST.

THE prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest was awarded to Ernest Seckerson, 8 Park Hill Street, Dudley, for the following:

A dashing young lady, named Maud,
At football once started to play;
As she made a wild kick at the ball,
Cried the Parrot from over the way:
"*Come into the infirmary, Maud!*"

Ten Consolation Gifts of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

A. Andrews, 39 Victoria Rd., Bushey; H. Aveling, Bishopstowe, Mickleburgh Hill, Herne Bay; W. H. Becks, Rothwell, Northampton; H. Branding, 61 Silver St., Edmonton; E. Cattrall, 155 Russell Rd., Moseley, Birmingham; B. Harold, 37 Harrison Rd., Erdington, Birmingham; D. J. Lamb, Jasmine Cote, Queen's Rd., Felixstowe; W. O'Keeffe, 29 O'Connell St., Ennis, Ireland; W. Pollock, 23 St. George's Rd., Leyton; C. Percy, 69 Goldsmith Rd., King's Heath.

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE CONTESTS.

"JOHNSON" CONTEST.

Twelve waistcoat pocket stylo pens have been awarded to the following for the best replies to the question, "Why is a ton of coals like Jack Johnson?": W. R. Anderson, 80 Penny St., Blackburn; H. Eshelby, "Rosemount," Milward Cres., Hastings; H. L. Evans, Jesus College, Oxford; F. Fowcraker, 1 Bank Buildings, Hastings; W. Gillespie, jun., 1 Walker Place, Aberdeen; J. Guthrie, 16 Well St., Monifieth; A. Kirkpatrick, 16 Harcourt Rd., Kirkcaldy; A. J. McEvoy, 5 Gloucester Terr., Haverfordwest, S. Wales; Mrs. Nash, 135 Melfort Rd., Thornton Heath; A. Shackleton, Bar Cottage, Simonstone, Burnley; F. Ward, 53 Birkhall Rd., Catford; R. Watt, 5 Edgecumbe Sq., Newland Ave., Hull.

"POST" CONTEST.

For the best definitions of a Postcard, five cigar cutters have been won by: A. Kirkpatrick, 16 Harcourt Rd., Kirkcaldy; J. McEwan, 257 Bilsland Drive, Ruchill, Glasgow; M. Nicholson, 30 Marlborough St., Seaham Harbour; E. F. Seymour, 28 Kingsgate Rd., Kilburn; J. H. Wheeler, 9 Dunbar Rd., Forest Gate.

"REVERSE" CONTEST.

The following are the winners of the five briar pipes for the best sentences which can be read backwards or forwards, making sense both ways: J. Allan, 78 Queen St., Glasgow; F. Fitzgerald, Haverhill, Suffolk; J. W. Fletcher, 113A, Bury New Rd., Heywood; S. Frith, Oakdene, Crocus St., E. Kirkby; J. Montgomery, 22 Roland Rd., Walthamstow.

"ÆSOP" CONTEST.

A prize of 5s. was offered for a new "Æsop's fable" on the subject of "The plumber and the irate householder." The winner was J. Brenton, 27 Chesthunte Rd., Tottenham, whose attempt was as follows:

"A Householder instructed a Plumber to do certain repairs at his Residence. 'When?' asked the Plumber. 'Any time you like,' replied the Householder. This Plumber was also a Burglar, combining the two vocations, and he had resolved to Burgle the Householder's Residence that night. But, immediately after he had made an entrance, he was seized by the irate Householder. 'Hullo!' said the latter, 'what are you doing here?' 'Well,' returned the unabashed Plumber, 'didn't you say I might come any time I liked, and don't you know it's Never Too Late To Mend?'

"MORAL: Always Be Explicit."

A MAN OF 70

Helpless with Rheumatism. Back Bad. Urinary Sediment.

"I have been laid up with rheumatism for weeks at a time," says Mr. Neville Hardy, of [illegible] Lane, Beverley. "Sometimes I was so helpless that I couldn't feed myself, or even move in bed.

"I had severe pains in my back; if I stooped I could hardly straighten myself, and when I rose from a chair I would be seized with fearful pain. The kidney excretions were highly coloured and contained sediment.

"None of the medicines I tried seemed to do me much good, but I had not been taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills long before I knew I had found just the medicine I needed. I took about three boxes in all, and they entirely relieved me of the symptoms. Since then I have enjoyed better health altogether. I think this is saying a great deal for Doan's Pills, for I am 70 years of age.

(Signed) "Neville Hardy."

SOUND KIDNEYS IN OLD AGE. The worst discomforts of old age are rheumatism, an aching, crooked back, having to get up several times in the night to relieve the bladder, stiffness of the limbs, and a gradually failing sight. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills have proved a new [illegible] for old persons by keeping the kidneys in a healthy, active state.

2s. 9d. a box, six boxes for 13s. 9d., of all dealers, or from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Don't ask for backache or kidney pills—ask *distinctly* for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, the same as Mr. Hardy had.

DO YOU WANT ANOTHER £1 A WEEK?

Reliable persons will be [illegible] constant home work [illegible] TRIES by [illegible] Experience unnecessary [illegible] material. Write at once [illegible] & Co., 52 Belvoir Street [illegible]

A few wineglassfuls of 'Wincarnis' will give you renewed health, strength, vigour, vitality, and new life. Will you try just one bottle?

WINCARNIS

Laitova Lemon Cheese is just the food for the children. It is as wholesome and nutritious as it is delicious to the taste. An excellent dainty for every meal. And it is just as good for you. 6½d. Smaller jars 2d. and 3½d. etc.

Special Trial Offer. These experiencing any difficulty in obtaining Lemon Cheese should send [illegible] and 1/- P.O. or stamps to the [illegible] ers, and they will receive [illegible] "Laitova" the new food [illegible] packet of Ekovah Jelly, carriage paid.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD.

Hurry up Clock! I want my

Laitova Lemon Cheese

For the best letter (on a postcard) I will give five shillings. Mark postcards "Partridge." (See page [illegible])

OUR AMAZING SERIES OF TRUE STORIES.

The Cutest Swindles ever Worked

Told by a MASTER CROOK.

No 6.—HOW BREWERS' MONEY IS COLLECTED.

This is one of the few big swindles that requires a certain amount of inside knowledge. It is worked by two men, one of whom must either have been a collector for a brewery himself, or have acquired the necessary knowledge from other sources.

The fraud is worked on beer-houses as distinct from public-houses. Accounts due by the landlords to the brewery are collected once a month by a regular and well-known collector. These accounts rarely exceed £80, and generally run between £40 and £60. They are invariably paid in hard cash. Public-houses pay by cheque, hence the choice of beer-houses for the successful carrying-out of the swindle.

The brewery collector, who is a familiar figure to all his customers, drives round to the various houses in a brougham, chats a few minutes with each landlord, receives the amount due to him, and doesn't appear again till the next collecting day.

The crook's method is this. From his previous knowledge of the business he knows that a certain beer-house is doing a fair trade. He calls there and becomes very friendly with the proprietor. In the course of conversation, he says: "Who collects for you now?"

"Tails Off" the Collector.

"Mr. So-and-so," replies the landlord.

"What, does he still collect?" says the crook, in apparent surprise. "Why, I haven't seen him for many a long day. I should like to see him; perhaps he can do something for me."

Now, the brewery collector always gives the various landlords three or four days' notice of the time he will call. After what has been said to him, the landlord, as soon as he gets the usual notice from the brewery company saying their collector will call on a certain day, tells the crook what day it is. The crook himself doesn't put in an appearance at the beer-house on that day, but a pal of his does.

The crook's confederate waits the collector's arrival, and follows, or, in criminal slang, "tails him off." A note is made of every house at which the collector calls, the order in which he calls, the time of day, and any other particulars which may prove useful. As a rule, between twenty and thirty houses are called upon, and at the end of the day the crook and his confederate have a list of these houses, with the names of the proprietors.

Out of this list five or six are selected, and the crook becomes extremely friendly with the landlords. From these landlords he learns that the collector whom he has seen call is the usual collector.

The 'Cute Appointment.

As these five or six landlords all agree about the collector and his times of call, and so on, the two crooks take it for granted that the rest of the houses are all right as far as the scheme is concerned.

A week before the brewery collector is again due to make his round, the crook writes to him at the brewery and states that he has a friend who has a "free" house, and who desires to have a "tied" house. Could he see the collector about it?

A "free" house is a house where the landlord is not "tied" down to get his beer from any particular firm. Brewery firms dislike these "free" houses, and jump at the chance of turning them into "tied" houses, that is to say, houses where only their beer is supplied.

The collector usually makes a good commission out of the sale, and will go to any trouble to see the sale through. When he receives the crook's note he writes back at once asking him for full particulars, and to make an appointment as soon as possible.

A letter comes from the crook in reply stating that he will see his friend and fix up a definite time to see the collector. The latter, in the ordinary way of business, sends out the usual collecting notices to the various beer-houses stating when he will call.

The crook, from the five or six landlords with whom he has kept up an acquaintance during the past month, learns that the day is say, Thursday. He promptly writes to the collector, saying: "I will see you on Thursday between nine and ten in the morning, and will bring my friend along." On the Wednesday night the crook sends out a notice to all the beer-houses.

This notice apparently comes from the brewery, and states that "Our Mr. X. will be unable to call this month, and Mr. Y. will call and collect in his stead." It has been printed by a "dupp" printer; that is, a man who makes a speciality of doing printing jobs for criminals.

On the Thursday morning the crook drives up to the brewery in a cab.

"Hasn't my friend arrived yet?" he says, when he meets the collector.

"No, not yet," replies the collector.

Ten o'clock comes, and then eleven, and still no friend. The collector begins to get anxious, because he should have started on his rounds by now. The crook keeps him in conversation as long as possible, and at last says: "I can't make out where he has got to. Better send a wire, I think."

Every House is Visited.

The wire is written, and addressed in front of the collector. The collector sees that the address is a beer-house, and that gives him confidence that everything is above-board. As a matter of fact, the confederate receives the wire, having made arrangements with a beer-house landlord, not one of the twenty by the way, to take in any telegram for him.

This wire is really a tip from the crook to his pal to let him know that everything is going on satisfactorily. The pal knows that the crook is, in fact, holding the collector at the brewery in conversation.

He immediately replies: "Sorry delay, coming on at once!" and away he goes with a brougham and collects! Playing the part of Mr. Y, the new brewery collector, every one of the houses is visited, and the various amounts due are handed over in hard cash.

The crook in the meantime keeps the real collector as long as he possibly can. At one o'clock the latter will, as a rule, suggest something to eat, and the crook easily manages to spin out time.

When the Bird Has Flown.

At last, when it is obvious that the landlord with the free house to sell is not going to turn up, the crook makes a suitable excuse, and departs. The collector sees that it is too late to go his round, and decides to do so on the following day, only to find that the £2,000 odd he should have received has already been collected!

This swindle was first successfully carried out by two men, one of them served several terms of imprisonment for this and other frauds, and the other has never been caught.

The man who was caught was an exceedingly clever man who held a position in a London brewery at one time, and by this means got to know the ins and outs of the trade. He lost his position at the brewery through fraud, a warrant being out against him when he carried out the swindle related above.

He was captured two years later on the old warrant, and it was while on ticket of leave that his wife gave him away for this fraud, otherwise he would never have been captured.

For this swindle he got five years, his confederate never being discovered. To show the extraordinary cleverness of the man, it may be related that some time after his release he started a brewery business, and won back the confidence of those whom he had robbed! He finally committed suicide a few years ago.

(Another 'Cute Swindle Next week.)

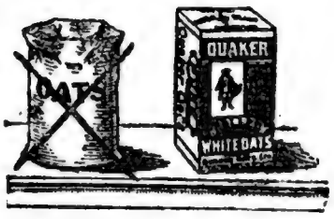
NEATLY DONE.

"WHERE are your tickets, gents?" asked the doorkeeper of a theatre to a line of men who confronted him in Indian file.

"It's all right," shouted a man at the tail end of the line. "I've got the tickets. There's twelve of us with me. Count 'em as they go in."

"In you go, gents," said the doorkeeper, and he tallied off eleven, who immediately mixed with the crowd within.

Then the doorkeeper turned to look for the holder of the tickets, but he had disappeared, and eleven men saw the performance safe from identification in the tremendous throng of people.



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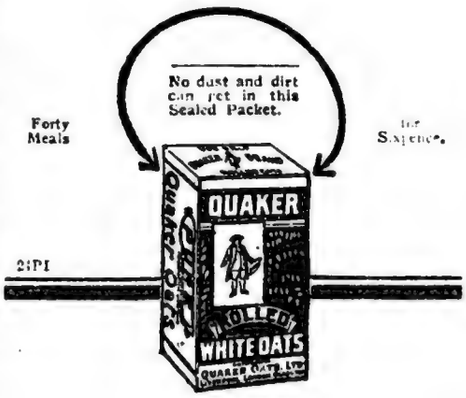

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Supposing you only had sixpence in the wide world. How would you spend it?

Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

PINCHER AS A SCRAPPER.

"Good heavens, man, what on earth have you been doing to yourself?"

The cry rose to my lips as Pincher, supported by a couple of short sticks, hobbled into my room. He seemed to be a mass of bandages, only half an eye was visible, and there was a deep purple tint round that.

The little man sank into a chair.

"Doin' to myself!" he said. There was a long pause. "Doin' to myself!" he repeated in a strained voice.

"Well, what's happened?" I demanded.

From under the edge of a bandage I could see Pincher's lips moving, but no audible words came from them. I mixed a glass of whisky and handed it to him; he took a long drink and stared with one half-closed eye into the fire.

"Boxin's a brutal sport, guv'nor," he said slowly.

"Oh, you've been boxing?"

"Yes," said Pincher, adjusting a cushion—"boxing!"

"You must have been up against a pretty powerful customer," I observed.

Pincher nodded sadly.

"Champion of the world it was," he said. "Jim Jackson, champion of the world. Balmy, that's wot I was—fair balmy."

"What, Jim Jackson, the negro cham—— Don't talk rot, man!"

Pincher pointed to the bandages.

"Don't this look like it?" he demanded. "Friendly scrap it was—leastways, that's wot it was supposed to be. Of course, it may be that,—Well, I'll start at the beginning, guv'nor, though it's wot you call a painful story in more ways than one.

"The day before yesterday it was, when the bloomin' affair started, so to speak. Goin' into a little pub just off Regent Street, I ran across a chap I knew, a chap wot had been a bit of a prize-fighter in his time, but had seen trouble through pretty nigh killin' a interferin' copper wot had got in his way. He wasn't wot you would call a generous sort of cove in the ordinary way, an' when he asked me wot I'd have to drink I was so taken aback that I said a bitter before I realised that he was goin' to pay, an' I might just as well have had something more expensive.

"'Ever done any scrappin'?' he says suddenly.

"'Well,' says I, seein' that there was more in the question than met the eye, 'I ain't exactly a champion, but I've done my bit, an' I daresay I could do it again if occasion required.'

"'Are you game to spar with Jim Jackson?' he says.

"'No,' I says, precious quick, an', finishin' off my beer, I made for the door.

"'Don't be hasty,' says my pal, catchin' me by the arm, 'just listen to what I've got to say first.'

"Then he told me as how Jim Jackson was appearing at a music-hall doin' a sparrin' exhibition with some pretty well-known boxers, an' at the end of it the manager offered fifty quid to anyone in the audience who could stand up to the nigger for a couple of rounds.

"'Of course, it's only a fake,' he said. 'Jim could lay anyone out with his first blow, if he liked, but he only just spars about for a bit, an' then gives a gentle tap, an' the show's over. All you'd have to do would be to go up in the gallery, an' when the challenge is made, say you're ready to fight, an' go on the stage. Jump about, do a bit of actin' the goat like, an' then fall down an' be counted out when Jim taps you on the jaw.'

"It was that tap wot worried me, guv'nor; but my pal swore as how it was so gentle I shouldn't feel it, an' if I played the part well, the management would fix me up with disguises, an' I'd probably be able to go on three nights a week at a quid a time."

"That was good pay," I said.

Pincher grunted.

"Just shows how much you know about it, guv'nor," he said. "Well, in the end, after the prizefighter, who was actin' as sorter agent to the nigger, had stood me another drink or so, I agreed, an' it was arranged that I should be at the music-hall that evenin', him givin' me a pass for the gallery.

"'Just tell the attendant wot you've come for,' he says, 'an' he'll see that you're put in the front row.'

"Well, guv'nor, all might have been well if I hadn't happened to stroll past the music-hall in the afternoon. There were photos of Jim Jackson in all sorts of attitudes hung up on the doors, an' the look of 'em gave me an uncomfortable feelin' inside, an' then I saw the bill sayin' as how fifty pounds would be given to the man who could stand up to him for two rounds, an' in very big type was another offer sayin' that a thousand pounds would be paid to anyone who could knock out the champion.

"Guv'nor, I wish I'd never seen that bill, for, with a brain like mine it was dangerous, it gave me a great idea—at any rate, I thought it was a great idea then—an' off I went to Stepney, where a pal of mine kept a tobacco shop, though he bought an' sold a lot of things besides tobacco in a quieter sorter way.

"'Bill,' I says to him confidential, 'have you still got them boxing-gloves you showed me once?'

"'Them as Mike Dowling nearly outed me with?' says he, an' I nodded.

"'Wot do you want 'em for?' he says.

"'Oh, only just a little joke!' I explained. 'You shall have 'em back in the morning.'

"Well, in the end we struck a bargain, an' he handed over the gloves which he kept as a curiosity, an' was never tired of talkin' about. You see, in his day he'd been a bit of an amateur scrapper, an' one night in a fight for a silver cup he was up against Mike who wasn't reckoned much of a boxer, but in the first round he pretty near laid my pal out. Then some suspicious chap examined his gloves an' found almost a pound of lead in each of 'em, so Mike was disqualified—that wasn't the worst that happened to him—an' my pal kept the gloves as a sorter souvenir.

"But, any rate, I had the gloves, so after a good feed I went up to the music-hall feelin' quite happy. You see, I reckoned the nigger, knowin' he was foolin', wouldn't be wonderful careful, an' if I got a good blow in I'd lay him out an' draw my thousand quid before anyone realised wot had happened. Of course they'd know it was a fluke, so to speak, but they'd have to part with the quids.

"'I'm the scrapper,' I says to the attendant, an' I very nearly got landed in a scrap before the time came, for the fool wedged up a couple of big costers to get me in the front row. I don't know wot would have happened if I hadn't showed them my boxing-gloves.

"'I've come to fight Jim Jackson,' I says, 'so I've got to keep fresh, otherwise you two blokes would be wishin' you was dead.'

"Lor, guv'nor, you never see such a change in two men. Polite wasn't the word for it. They r[illegible] I was a champion lightweight, or somethi[illegible] wanted to go an' stand me drinks. Then they [illegible] it out to all their pals, an' one fool came acr[illegible] the other side to feel my muscles. I could s[illegible] eyes wot he'd have liked to have said, but did[illegible] to take the risk.

"It was bloomin' embarrassin' for me, guv'[illegible] I wished I'd never spoken. I couldn't [illegible] programme at all, an' as the time for my [illegible] near I began to feel myself tremblin'.

"At last Jim Jackson came on, an' when I s[illegible] standin' there bowin' an' grinnin', I wanted to [illegible] of the hall, but I'm sure them costers wouldn't [illegible] let me if I'd tried. Then after a bit of spar[illegible] some other boxers a cove in evenin' dress [illegible] to the footlights an' gave out the challenge.

"Up I got.

"'I'll take him on!' I shouted in a hu[illegible] an' then before I properly knew what had h[illegible] I was hustled down a lot of stairs, along a p[illegible] an' found myself in the wings.

"'Take off your coat,' says someone. 'O[illegible] got your own gloves. Play the fool as m[illegible] like in the first round. Jim won't hurt you. [illegible] second round look out for the nigger's wink, th[illegible] tap you on the head an' you'll fall down natural. On you go.'

"With that he give me a push, an', pullin' on my gloves, I walked on to the stage, the costers an' their pals in the gallery kicking up a rare old row as [illegible] as they saw me.

"'Hulloa you!' says the big man, with a g[illegible] 'Hit me hard. I won't hurt you.'

"Well, I pulled myself together an' did a [illegible] sparrin' round him, an' in a bored sorter way he p[illegible] up his guard every now an' then makin' play [illegible] at me, and then all of a sudden I saw my ch[illegible] I let fly with all my strength an' copped him fair [illegible] the point of the jaw.

"Down he went with a thud that shook the stage, an' you never see such excitement. Everybody was standin' in their seats cheerin' like m[illegible] an' I expect my coster chaps w[illegible] reckonin' wot an escape they'd [illegible] The manager cove was very [illegible] stormin' up an' down in the [illegible] an' the nigger's second was [illegible] his face, whilst the referee [illegible] out the seconds.

"They seemed like hours [illegible] guv'nor. If only the blackw[illegible] out I knew I should be all [illegible] if he got up I knew I was [illegible] as good as dead."

"And he got up?" I said.

"He did," said Pincher [illegible] "He got up just in time, an' [illegible] angry or astonished face [illegible] see. I would have hunted, [illegible] couldn't; there was the cr[illegible] me an' shoutin' 'Bravo, [illegible] An' there was me with [illegible] knees, knowin' wot was [illegible] happen, froze to the spot like [illegible] to move.

"'Time,' says the referee, [illegible] up my fists an' kept edgin' ba[illegible] them fools in front yellin' to [illegible] in an' win.' The nigger w[illegible] a bit bored, an' though he kept [illegible] there was a nasty gleam in [illegible] an' I felt certain it wasn't [illegible] a case of the wink an' the g[illegible] an' I was right.

"One in the ribs he give m[illegible] seemed to break every bloomin' [illegible] in my body, then he bit m[illegible] eye, an' then in the other, pl[illegible] me like a cat with a mouse he was, th[illegible] swipe on the side of the head that sent me [illegible] an', putting down my fists, one of my gl[illegible] an' went down with a heavy bang on the st[illegible]

"That did it, guv'nor! There was an [illegible] Someone shouted 'Lower the curtain,' a[illegible] people got hold of me, pullin' me dili[illegible] Someone seemed to dance on my face, an' [illegible] three others played football with me, an' th[illegible] I knew was that I was in a cab goin' to the [illegible]

"I spent the night there, an' came ou[illegible] noon. I suppose the music-hall people [illegible] the story to come out, so no fuss was made [illegible] they'd given a donation to the hospital."

"Well, I think, all things considered, y[illegible] out of it very well, Pincher," I said.

"Do you?" said the little man grimly. [illegible] this nothin', I suppose? It wouldn't w[illegible] know that as soon as you'd got somewhe[illegible] you was to go through it all again, I sup[illegible]

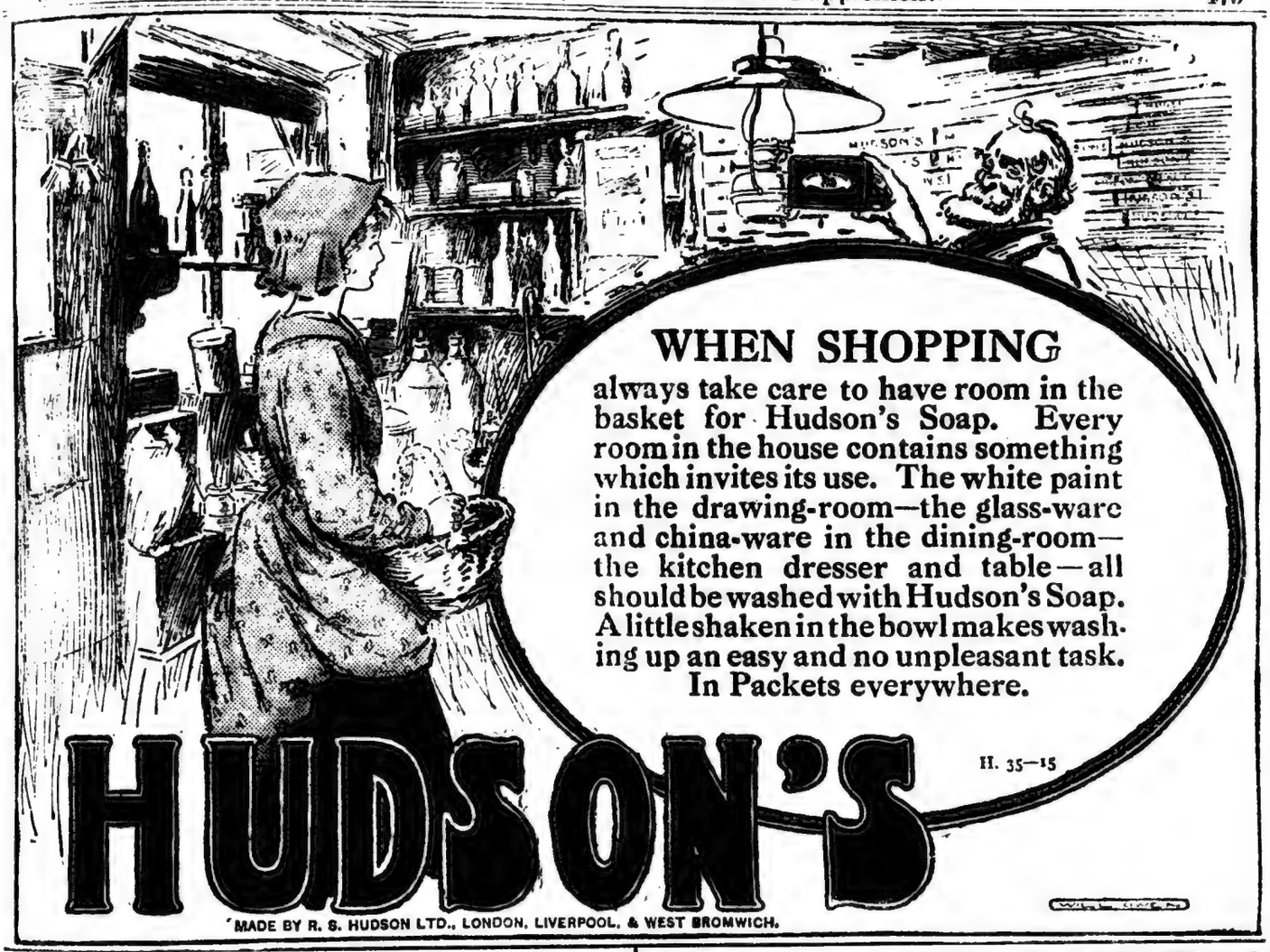
"But what on——"

"This mornin'," said Pincher, pickin' up [illegible] in a trembling hand, "my prize-fighter pal [illegible] hospital to cheer me up, so to speak. He [illegible] an hour to say wot he was goin' to do to [illegible] as there was enough of me to start on."

(Another of Pincher's Amusing Yarns Ne[illegible])

"Someone seemed to dance on my face, and two or three others played football with me."

For the best suggestions I will give five cigar cutters. Mark postcards "Tanner." *(See page 484.)*



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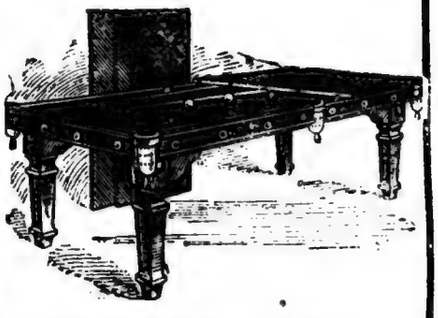

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Quips and Jestlets

ON PAY DAY.

The workman was engaged in excavating operations, *i.e.*, he was digging.

The wayfarer of the inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said the wayfarer at length, "what are you digging for?"

The workman looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money!" ejaculated the amazed wayfarer. "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"Saturday," replied the workman; and resumed operations.

Mother: "Tommy, hold your tongue!"

Tommy (after a faithful trial): "I can't, mother, it's too slippery."

Practical Father: "If he says he loves you I suppose he does; but can he support you?"

Daughter: "Why, papa! You must know it wasn't his fault that the chair broke."

Mr. Chatterdon: "I've decided to go into business, Miss Weatherbee."

Miss Weatherbee: "I'm very glad to hear it, Mr. Chatterdon."

Mr. Chatterdon: "Ya-as; I've made up my mind to be a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a mawning and see the butterflies making butter, and the gwasshoppers making gwass—and—all that sawt of thing, you know."

ENTER THE VILLAIN.

Scene: Dinner-party at the house of a well-known peer.

"When I took my first brief" said the prosperous barrister (recounting his career), "I was very nervous and excited, especially as my client was a bad egg.

"He was a man of good family, whose name would have been fatally tarnished had the rascal been convicted. Luckily I managed to get the beggar off."

After dinner a multi-millionaire entered. He was a friend of the host, who presented the K.C. to him.

"I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman," observed the millionaire patronisingly, "I met him long ago; in fact, I gave him his start in life. I was his first client."

The noisy hilarity which greeted this announcement was never explained to the late-comer.

Wife: "You don't seem to enjoy the dinner, dear. What's the matter?"

Newly Wedded Husband: "I was wondering if there weren't some printers' errors in that cookery book of yours."

Grocer: "Ten pounds of cheese? Yes, sir. What kind?"

Hauskeep: "Any old kind. I just want it to catch mice with."

Grocer: "Gracious! Ten pounds would catch all the mice in the town."

Hauskeep: "Well, it looks as if we had 'em."

"I suppose there will never be an end to land-grabbing until everything is grabbed."

"Oh! Not even then; because the people who haven't grabbed anything will be trying to grab what has already been grabbed."

ABSENT ROBERT.

She was only a policeman's wife—just the loving helpmate of a humble man who guarded the peace of a great community, ready and willing at all times to lie down for the good and safety of his city.

Only a policeman's wife, but a woman with as warm a heart as any rich, be-ribboned beauty; so, of course, when a vague rumour crept to their quiet suburban home of some horrible accident, her face blanched with fear for her husband, and all cold and trembling she took her stand at the front gate, waiting for news. A breathless man dashed by. She hailed him piteously.

"Tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me all!"

Rapidly and excitedly he began, "Oh, but it was a time of terrible danger——"

"Enough—enough!" cried the policeman's wife, her face radiant with joy. "I am sure, then, that my husband was nowhere about."

IN THE DEPTHS.

"Ah," he said as they were exploring among the caves at the seaside, "here is 'Lovers' Lane.' Let's go through."

"That deep place there, where it is so dark, with the steep, rocky sides?"

"Yes. Come on."

"I'm afraid you would kiss me if we were down there alone together."

"No, honest."

"Well, then, we may as well remain up here."

Father (sternly): "Your recklessness must have a check."

Son: "Glad you mentioned it. I was just going to ask you for one."

"From this moment we part for ever!" he hissed.

She turned upon him haughtily, regal even in the hour of her humiliation.

"No, Fitzmaurice Maurice-Maurice," she answered, "I am accustomed to exact a week's notice from all of my husbands."

JUST A GENTLE HINT.

Rudolph: "What is that terrible noise, darling?"
Gertie: "It's only pa. Ever since Johnnie Jones refused to propose to my sister Mabel, father has been going about cracking his whip."
Rudolph: "Oh!" (pauses reflectively). "Would it—er—be troubling you to—er—name the day?"

"Hello! old man, how are you!"

"Wretched! wretched; I've had an attack of the 'flue' and it's left me so weak I can hardly crawl."

"What do you want to crawl for? Why don't you walk?"

A SURPRISE ENDING.

I lent a book
To a friend of mine;
I loved the book,
Though it was old,
And worn to tatters;
You smile.
You are about to say
"I know the rest.
He didn't bring it back."
That's where you're wrong.
He did bring it back—
The very next day!

A military man laughed at a timid little woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired.

He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

They sat beneath the silvery moon and conversed, she of her millionaire papa, he of his yacht and racing stud.

Then, in passionate tones, he told her of his undying love. "Marjorie!" he cried, taking her in his arms, "what can I do to prove my love?"

"Get me some chocolates," she whispered, pointing to a penny-in-the-slot machine "to begin with," she added when she saw his look of disappointment.

Then, returning with the chocolates, he murmured, absently:

"And the next thing, madam?"

"I'm awfully tired doing nothing, deah boy."

"Why?"

"Theah's so much of it to do."

Jingle: "I knew that fellow Storms, the comedian, would come to the front."

Weller: "And he has, has he?"

"Why, certainly. You remember he used to play the part of the hind-legs of the elephant in the pantomime?"

"Yes."

"Well, now he's playing the front legs."

"It's dangerous to be under this tree in a thunderstorm, one of us might get killed," said an insurance agent.

"Well, if you are killed you won't be able to talk any more; and if I'm killed I can't hear you, so I think we'd better stay," said the victim.

WASTED EFFORT.

"Good gracious, there goes my train!" were the words that caught the ears of many people standing on Slapham Junction Station; and a short stout man with a top hat ran down the platform with the speed of a rolling hat in a gale of wind.

He held his bag in one hand, and sprinted as though it were a matter of life and death. The little fellow was game, and finally, after a heroic effort, reached the train, threw his bag into an open compartment, and clambered in. Then he sank down, and lay as limp as a rag after his prodigious exertions.

The next moment the train left the station once more. The other passengers got in at their leisure; and it was not less than ten minutes before the train started off again. Meanwhile the little stout man was hiding himself behind a newspaper.

First Expert Chess Player: "Won't you sit down and play a game with me?"

Second Expert Chess Player: "I can't. I have an important engagement in a few weeks' time."

She (pining for pleasant words): "Oh, George, I cannot understand it. Why do you lavish this wealth of love on me when there are so many girls more beautiful and more worthy than I?"

He (absent-mindedly): "I'm blowed if I know."

"This coffee, Mrs. Small," remarked the lodger, "reminds me of what Shakespeare says of the quality of mercy."

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Small, who does not know of the great dramatist.

"'The quality of mercy is not strained.'"

REALLY FORGETFUL.

A minister's wife, a doctor's wife, and a traveller's wife met one day recently, and were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands.

The minister's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would go to church and forget his notes, and no one could find out what he was trying to preach about.

The doctor's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful, for he would often start out to see a patient and forget his medicine case, and therefore travel miles for nothing.

"Well," said the traveller's wife, "my husband beats that. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said, 'I believe I have seen you before, little girl. What is your name?'"

Ladies only this time. "Why is the face of a watch like a rejected lover. *(Turn to page 482.)*

Prescribed for Members of the Royal Family.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

FOR LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

100,000 Free Trial Packages for "Pearson's Weekly" Readers.

100,000 Trial Packages of Kutnow's Powder are being distributed free amongst readers of this journal.

Each package contains a rapidly-acting remedy for "tired" Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels.

Are you troubled with any of these symptoms?—

You feel oppressed with a sense of lassitude.

Your brain seems clogged and sluggish as though drugged with sleep.

You wake up with a headache.

Your breath is unpleasant.

Your tongue is coated.

There are yellow spots on the whites of your eyes.

You suffer from Constipation.

You feel strangely depressed, morbid, and unhappy.

You are troubled with Biliousness.

Your energy and brightness have deserted you.

You are a martyr to Indigestion.

You feel "tired of everything," work and recreation, business and pleasure.

Sometimes there is also a dull aching pain across your loins.

This indicates Kidney Trouble.

Do you suffer in any such way yourself? If so—your liver, your kidneys, and your bowels are "tired." This is the sole cause of the trouble. And this "sole cause" is removed at once by the contents of the Free Trial Package of "Kutnow's Powder" you can now obtain for yourself Free.

Everyone who is at all "liverish," and feels oppressed and upset, should be glad to have this free Health-Aid.

Write for it. It will be sent you absolutely free. It will put right your "tired" Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys. It will cleanse your system of choking impurities. It will brighten your brain and allow your energies to resume their normal activity, and it will show you how to keep well.

Write for Your Free Trial To-Day.

There are 100,000 of these valuable Health-Aiding gifts to be given away. The number of people troubled with "tired" Liver, "tired" Bowels, or "tired" Kidneys is far larger than this. To secure one of these Health-Aiding Gifts for yourself, all you have to do is this:—

Cut out the Coupon given below. Fill in your name and address in the space provided therein. Post in an envelope to S. Kutnow & Co. Ld., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. (By not sealing down the flap of the envelope you can send it for ½d. stamp.) (All rights reserved.)

No nauseous purgative is this, nor poisoning drug, but a pleasant and refreshing draught. In the words of the "British Medical Journal," "It is gentle, effervescent, and is a very efficient and agreeable aperient."

A Beneficial Daily Health Policy.

Take this every day before breakfast and you will be delighted with its effects. The free supply sent you on application is sufficient to show you the value of this valuable Health-Aid.

Afterwards you can continue it on your own account by obtaining a 2s. 9d. bottle of "Kutnow's Powder" from the nearest chemist's, or it will be sent post free from S. Kutnow & Co. Ld. for 3s. The wonderful way it helps and strengthens your Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels, and enables them to expel all poisonous accumulations from your system, is shown by the following letters. They are taken at random from hundreds received from regular users of Kutnow's Powder:

"I am convinced of the efficacy of 'Kutnow's Powder' and its cleansing and antibilious properties."

Rev. J. Pallnel.

"Those afflicted with Liver trouble or Constipation may rely absolutely on your preparation for permanent relief and perfect health. It is a delightful remedy, and seems to impart new life into the system."

Arnold Foldesy (the 'Cellist).

"Most useful in Uric Acid Troubles, Rheumatism, and Gout. It has also proved very beneficial in cases of Constipation and Hæmorrhoids."

Dr. H. Forestier, M.D.

Every reader who suffers from any form of Liverishness, Kidney Disorder, or Bowel Trouble should send to day for this wonderful Free "Health-Aid."

Make sure when purchasing that the label on the bottle bears the signature "S. Kutnow & Co. Ld.," and the registered trade mark of the "Hirschensprung" or "Deer Leap." REFUSE ALL OTHERS.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

To S. KUTNOW & CO. Ld., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—I accept your offer of one of the Free Packages of "Kutnow's Powder" for personal trial. Send gratis and post free to

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Pearson's Weekly, 9.11.11.

DAINTY DISHES.

Abernethy Biscuits (an Indian Recipe).

Take eight ounces of flour, one ounce of butter, one ounce of caster sugar, a quarter of an ounce of carraway seeds, and four ounces of warm milk. Mix all the ingredients well together, moisten sufficiently with milk, and roll out very thinly. Then cut with a pastry cutter into round shapes. Place on a floured tin, and bake.—(*Prize won by* MRS. MAY ARTHUR, care of Lieut. Arthur, 33 Depot Lines, Karachi, India.)

Soused Mackerel.

Boil without breaking two or three moderate sized mackerel. Then remove the bones and split the fish carefully down the back. Simmer gently in a pint of vinegar and water mixed in the proportions of two-thirds water to one-third vinegar, a bay leaf, half a dozen small peppers, a pinch of cayenne, and a little salt. Pour this liquid when cold over the fish, which should be placed in a deep dish so that the liquid covers it, and allow it to soak several hours before serving. Time to boil the mackerel fifteen minutes. To simmer the sauce, five minutes.

2 Apple Dishes.

Apple Plum Pudding.

Chop finely six ounces of beef suet, add to it a pinch of salt, half a pound of finely grated breadcrumbs, four ounces of sugar, half a pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of chopped apples, two tablespoonfuls of dried flour, two ounces of chopped candied peel, and half a teaspoonful of mixed spice. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly, then beat four eggs in a wineglassful of brandy. Stir all together, pour into an oiled mould, and boil for four hours. Serve with brandy sauce.

Apple Cake Pudding.

Take three pounds of finely flavoured baking apples, pare and core them, and boil them to a pulp with the rind of two lemons, half a pint of water, and eight ounces of sugar. Beat them well, and mix them gradually with six good-sized potatoes, boiled and mashed. Then add three well-whisked eggs, pour into a buttered mould, and boil quickly for about one hour and a half. Serve with sweet sauce.

HOW TO USE UP STALE BREAD.

IN most houses there is by the end of each week an accumulation of stale bread which, unless some use can be found for it, must be thrown away and wasted, but if reasonable care is taken there need be no such thing as waste in the bread-pan.

Place all the crusts in the oven when it is not required for baking purposes, allow them to remain there until quite dry, then press with a rolling pin until they are quite fine, and when cold store in a tin. They can then be used for frying fish, cutlets, etc.

Stale slices of bread can be made into savoury toast and served for breakfast or tea, and an excellent children's pudding can be made from odd pieces. Heat half a pint of milk, break up any stale bread into a basin, add one tablespoonful of sugar, pour over it the milk, and beat up with a fork, then add two well-beaten eggs. Grease a mould, spread strawberry jam on the bottom, pour in the bread mixture, and steam for an hour.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Isobel is always pleased to reply to readers on this page, but the answer cannot appear for at least a fortnight after the question is received. Readers needing a speedy reply can always have it by inclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Letters should be addressed to "Isobel." Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

HINTS ON CARVING.

Cut these Out and Keep Them Handy.

No. 5.—A SADDLE OF MUTTON.

Place point of knife at 1 and cut to 2 on both sides of the bone. After this, cut crosswise to 3.

HOME HINTS.

When Buying Bacon,

Choose that with a thin rind and with fat of a pinkish white.

Home-made Plate Powder.

An inexpensive powder for polishing plate, brasses, copper, etc., may be made by mixing a pennyworth each of refined powdered whiting and rouge powder. This will last quite a long time.

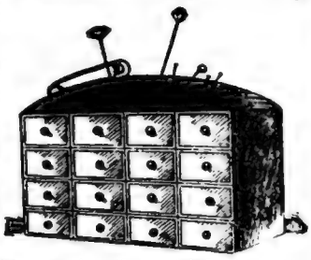
To Clean, White Marble,

Mix together two ounces of common washing soda, one ounce of powdered pumice, and one ounce of finely powdered chalk. Make into a paste with cold water, and rub well into the marble. The stains will then disappear.

A Novel Chest of Drawers.

This novel chest of drawers is made of empty match boxes glued together. It is covered on the back and sides with cretonne, and the top is stuffed in order to form a pincushion.

The knobs are black boot buttons, pushed through the front of each box and kept in place, with a piece of match stick, fixed through the metal loop.



This chest of drawers takes up very little room, and will be found to be useful on the dressing-table or in the work-basket. You will in future have a safe place for keeping buttons, hooks and eyes, studs, and, in fact, many of the little things which have hitherto always been difficult to find.—(*Prize won by* G. SMITH, Box 1069, Johannesburg.)

A Baking Hint.

When making lemon or jam tarts place a piece of soft bread at the bottom of the piedish after the paste has been arranged in the dish. The bread will absorb the extra moisture and prevent the filling of jam, etc., from running over the sides of the dish.—(*Prize won by* MRS. JOHNSON, 93 Earl Street, Grimsby.)

PAPER BAG RECIPES.

Banana and Tapioca Pudding.

Soak two ounces of tapioca in water for one hour, and then drain. Add one pint of milk with one ounce of caster sugar and one well-beaten egg, five peeled bananas cut into slices, and a little grated lemon-rind. Place in a shallow dish, and slip into a Papakuk bag. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

Parced Mutton Cutlets.

Take the required number of cutlets, beat with a cutlet bat, and trim neatly. Put an ounce of butter in a paper bag, put in the cutlets, fasten the bag, and let them get slightly brown. Then take them up, drain them, and season with salt and pepper. Press them till cold. Spread over one side of each cutlet with sausage meat mixed with breadcrumbs and a little milk, smooth over the surface with the blade of a knife, and sprinkle with finely chopped ham. Now place the cutlets in a buttered Papakuk bag, and cook for ten minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS and BLOOD-SPITTING.

Cured at 76 by

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

Mr. Jos. E. Hunt, 38 Byron Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, writes:—"I am 76 years of age, and for years had been a great sufferer from bronchitis and blood-spitting, brought on probably owing to my trade of brass-mixer. I tried various so-called remedies in vain, and was at a loss what to do to find relief. Then I began taking Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and although I only took one bottle, the cough was at once eased and the blood-spitting is now entirely gone." Veno's Lightning Cough Cure was awarded the Grand Prix and Gold Medal for safety and efficacy at the recent Paris Health Exhibition, and is a perfect remedy for all chest, lung, and throat troubles. Price 9½d., 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. of all chemists.

PAPER BAG COOKERY.

THE COOKING OF FISH.

NOTHING is more eminently suited to cooking in paper bags than fish. Cod, halibut, fresh haddock, whiting—all have a better flavour when cooked in this way than in any other.

After cleaning the fish, trim and place it in a Papakuk bag with a few slices of onion, carrots, a little vinegar, a few drops of lemon juice, and sufficient salted water to thoroughly moisten it.

Seal up the bag at the open end, turn up the bottom, and put in a couple of clips, and place the loaded bag on the grid to cook for the required time. This, of course, varies with different fish, but, speaking generally, two pounds of fish should take from twenty-five to thirty minutes.

After the fish has been dished up and placed near the fire to keep hot, the liquor in which it was cooked should be made into a tasty sauce.

HOW TO GET THE BAGS.

The Papakuk paper bags, which can be supplied from the offices of "Pearson's Weekly"—Papakuk Bag Department, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.—can be had at the following prices:

Sizes.	25.	50.	100.
	Prices.		
1. 7 by 5 ins.	0s. 6d.	0s. 10d.	1s. 6d.
2. 9½ " 7½ "	0s. 7d.	1s. 1d.	2s. 0s.
3. 14½ " 10½ "	0s. 10d.	1s. 7d.	3s. 0d.
4. 20½ " 11½ "	1s. 3d.	2s. 4d.	4s. 6d.
5. 20½ " 15½ "	1s. 6d.	2s. 10d.	5s. 6d.

And twenty-five of any four different sizes will be supplied at the hundred rate. The most useful sizes, however, are No. 2 and No. 4.

All applications for bags should be accompanied by a remittance and addressed envelope. These bags are exclusively made by Messrs. Lepard & Smiths after careful experiments. The paper has been analysed by Messrs. Clayton, Beadle, & Stevens, and pronounced to be perfectly pure and free from injurious chemicals, and only white of egg and flour is used in pasting the bags.

Suitable clips for fastening the bags can be supplied in boxes at 6d. per hundred clips.

A useful little cookery book, written by Countess Serkoff, is now ready. It contains nearly two hundred excellent tested recipes for dishes cooked in paper bags, besides a mass of useful information. The price is sixpence, or sevenpence halfpenny post free, from The Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street London, W.C

PAPER BAG HINTS.

Gingerbread

Can be baked in Papakuk bags.

Bananas

Make a most savoury stuffing for roast pork when cooked in Papakuk bags.

Cheese Savouries

Are extremely tasty, very inexpensive, and can be perfectly cooked in Papakuk bags.

When Removing Fish from the Oven,

Do not attempt to remove the bag without the grid. Lift the grid right out with the bag resting on it.

Grilled Sole.

After being cooked in a Papakuk bag, should have a little parsley butter spread upon it before serving. This will be found a great improvement.

When Cooking Mutton,

Mix half a clove of finely crushed garlic with butter and flour, and insert it into the meat to be cooked. This will make the gravy into a rich sauce.

When Cooking Beef,

Grate finely a little horseradish, mix it with kneaded flour and butter, add a little cream, and pour into the gravy about fifteen minutes before the joint is removed from the oven. To do this, a small slit can be cut in the top of the bag.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR FITS.

OZERINE has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, &c., when everything else had failed. In almost every case fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another and is now being used in all parts of the world. Thousands of testimonials, 25 years' invariable success. Test it free of charge. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain am I of its success. 4/6 and 11/- per bottle, post free. I. W. Nicholl, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. 53), 25 High Street, Belfast.

For the best answers I will give ten pairs of scissors. Mark postcards "Rejected." (See page 484.)

Experiments on Human Beings

Independent Investigation on food power of BOVRIL!

A Report made at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association in Birmingham (July, 1911) revealed some remarkable results of physiological experiments showing the body-building power of Bovril.

These experiments were carried out on human beings by Independent Scientific Authorities. They confirmed the striking results of the Feeding Experiments conducted last year on animals, which proved that the body-building power of Bovril was from

10 to 20 times the amount taken

But these exhaustive experiments, the full details of which were given in the Medical Journals, have further conclusively demonstrated that

"in the human experiments the increase was even more marked"

The conclusions which particularly interest the public and which are now incontrovertibly established by these latest tests are as follow :—

1. **The Remarkable Food Value of Bovril itself.**
2. **The peculiar power of Bovril in enabling the system to extract greater nutriment from ordinary foods.**
3. **That these two properties together give Bovril a body-building power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken. (See diagram.)**

That is to say, Bovril is not only a great body-builder in itself, but it also enables other foods to feed the body more; so that the amount of good that Bovril does is out of all proportion to the amount of Bovril taken. This important fact explains the value of Bovril in bringing up the defensive forces of the body to their highest power, and in protecting the system against the dangers of winter.

In the above diagram the long block represents the body-building power derived from the amount of Bovril represented by the small block.

Used in over 2,000 Hospitals and Institutions.

BOVRIL

Look for the NAME BOVRIL when you buy, because it means so much.

S.H.B. 6328

Flesh & Bone Eaten away by

ECZEMA

Mrs. J. Williams, Aberdare.

TERRIBLE TORTURE ENDED

By Marvellous Zam-Buk Cure.

"FOR nine years I couldn't put my hand in water; now I can do a day's washing with anybody," says Mrs. Johannah Williams, 2 John Street, Aberdare, S. Wales, after her marvellous cure of terrible eczema by Zam-Buk.

"My left hand was covered with eczema," Mrs. Williams told a *Merthyr Express* reporter. "It grew from a small patch of inflamed skin to a great mass of running sores, with *itching, bleeding crusts of scabs.* Often I felt like scratching my hand to pieces.

"The eczema ate away skin and flesh and also destroyed part of a finger-bone. For over a year a nurse came every morning to dress my hand, and at last one doctor said there was no cure for me as he had never seen such a bad case of eczema.

"Then a book was left at our house telling of many wonderful Zam-Buk cures. After reading it my husband got me a box of this *Zam-Buk, which acted like magic,* particularly in relieving the itching and burning sensations. I persevered with Zam-Buk and the use gradually returned to my fingers. In the disease-eaten holes good flesh appeared, and my whole hand was finally covered with splendid new skin. My marvellous cure is the talk of Aberdare."

Zam-Buk

Will Cure Ringworm and Bad Legs.

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTES

With OSMANS Patent CIGARETTE MAKER, Price 2d. Ask for it at your Tobacconist or send **2½d.** Stamps for Sample Maker.

THOUSANDS SOLD.

"Tobacco" writes, "It is simple and effective."

Saves cost in 1st ounce of Tobacco.

OSMAN'S PATENTS Ltd., Leytonstone, London, N.E.

TO LADIES!

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS

are of priceless value. They afford relief in every instance, frequently in a few hours. They cure female Weakness and Irregularities, are safe, sure, and speedy. Far superior to Steel, Tansy, etc., and all similar preparations. Prices, 1s. 3d. and (treble quantity) 2s. 9d., extra strong, 4s. 6d. Post Free in plain wrapper. Of all chemists or direct from

Lady Manageress, The I.R.S. Co. (Dept. C.), 145 Stockwell Road, London.

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fad ning physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 22 and 23 Great Russell St. London, W.C. Established 25 years.

LADIES

GAUTIER'S FAMOUS PILLS are without doubt the best remedy ever offered for Female Weaknesses and Irregularities. They are Strong, Safe, Sure and Speedy. Price, under cover, 1/3 and 2/9; extra strong, 4/6. BALDWIN & Co., Herb-Drug Stores, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

BROOKS' NEW CURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. *No salves. No lies. Durable. Cheap.*

FOR RUPTURE

SENT ON TRIAL.

CATALOGUE FREE.

C. E. BROOKS, 442a Bank Buildings, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.

The NAME BORWICK

is a guarantee of purity and genuineness.

When buying **BAKING POWDER**, therefore, insist upon having **BORWICK'S** in the world-renowned packets and tins, and

AVOID

all cheap bulky packets and loose baking powders.

FREE — ABSOLUTELY FREE! This beautiful 12 ct. Gold Filled Signet Ring Free to introduce new catalogue. Send name, address, and P.O. for 10d. for engraving initial and postage. Two-initial intertwined monogram, 1s. 1d.—SIMS & MAYER (Dept. 57), 418 to 422 Strand, London.

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS

and when writing to Advertisers mention "Pearson's Weekly."

---

350 RICH FUR THROWOVERS.

OVER 60 IN. LONG AT HALF PRICE!!!

Yes! We are sending out 350 of these magnificent **Rich Fur Throwovers**, over 60 inches long, full width, handsomely and cosily lined, in **Rich Sable Browns**, New Greys, Black, &c.

SALE PRICE

1/6

(Carriage 1d.)

Large Fur Muffs, to match, 1/6 each!!!

Send Postal Order To-day!

CASH BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!!!

TESTIMONIAL.

Miss V. Brighouse, Riverside, Worksop, writes:—"I am delighted with the 1/6 Fur, and all those who have seen it say it is worth three times the money."

Big Sale Catalogue POST FREE of Furs, Dresses, Cutlery, Jewellery, Musical Instruments, Clothing, &c. 1001 Amazing Bargains!

THE LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (Dept. 10), 3 Raven Road, Leeds.

TO STOP FINING.

I'M glad to say that our articles on "The Curse of Fining" are rousing enthusiasm among workers all over the country. Every post brings me details of cruel and unjust fines and deductions, and it is to be sincerely hoped that now that the general public are beginning to realise the iniquity of the system we shall get their support in our efforts towards the total abolition of fining in factories.

Meanwhile, a lot of preparation work is being done here in this office towards interesting influential men in our proposed action, and I hope to be in a position to make a definite statement with regard to the petition to be presented to Parliament, in our next week's issue.

OUR PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST.

YOU'LL be pleased to hear that we are now within measurable distance of completing the judging of this competition, and that we hope to publish the result in next week's *Pearson's Weekly*.

ANNOYED AT A TITLE.

A WEEK or so ago we published a joke entitled "Money Talks." This seems to have annoyed "F. S.," of Smethwick. He writes: "'Money talks,' indeed! It's never said a word to me except when I last put a sixpence on a horse, and then it said, 'Good-bye!'"——

Cheer up, F. S.! The smile your letter raised in the editorial office deserves the penknife I am sending you.

ANOTHER RECORD FOR CUPID.

LOVE and the little god Cupid have been responsible for many records, queer and otherwise. Here is one sent me by T. B. A., that is well worth a penknife. He writes: "Don't you think this is a record? I have just been married, and I reckon that I have walked more miles to see my wife than most men. She lived in a village five miles away, and every day without fail I used to walk over there and walk back. I was engaged for seven years, so I reckon that I have walked 25,000 miles for the sake of seeing my sweetheart. This doesn't include the walks we have had together!"—

Magnificent, T. B. A.! That is certainly a record I should think. At any rate, if any of my readers can beat it, I should like to hear from them. Now that your long walk has ended, I hope your walk through the paths of married life will be as enjoyable as those of your sweethearting days. You have all my good wishes.

MEN FIRST, UPSTAIRS.

QUESTIONS of etiquette are very puzzling, as a rule, and I have often been asked to settle them on this page. The one M. A. L. sends me is quite a simple one, however. He writes: "Who should go upstairs first, the lady or the gentleman? I always understood that 'Ladies first' was a general rule, but now I am told 'Gentlemen first, upstairs.'"——

Quite right, M. A. L. The "ladies first" rule, though a pretty safe one, is not without the usual exception necessary to prove it. Gentlemen go upstairs first and also over stiles. The latter custom has certainly more sense in it than the former, for the gentleman goes over the stile first with the intention of helping the lady over after. And a very nice piece of etiquette it is, too, for lovers!

WHERE MUST I PUT MY HAT?

HERE is another little question on etiquette that has evidently worried S. T., who writes: "When I call upon anyone what should I do with my hat and stick? It may seem a little point to you, Mr. Editor, but it has worried me a lot. I wish you could settle my difficulty once and for all."——

I'll do my best, S. T. If you call on a friend's "At Home" day, then you should leave your hat and stick in the hall. If you are paying a call upon a comparative stranger, then keep your hat only in your hand. If you are in the slightest doubt what to do, then leave your troublesome articles in the hall, and don't worry yourself too much about etiquette. These little points of politeness are not nearly so strict nowadays as they used to be.

FOUND, A CAP!

IF Private James Downie, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, at one time of H.M.S. *Vanguard*, will apply to these offices, we shall be pleased to return to him his regimental cap, which he lost at sea in September, 1910. The cap, containing his Navy leave ticket, was trawled up by the captain of the S.S. *Kidwell Castle*, a reader of *P.W.*, whilst fishing off the Fastnet in 70 fathoms of water. After its long immersion in the water the gallant marine will probably be glad to have it as a curiosity.

KISSING BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

KISSING is one of the most pleasant customs yet invented; at least, that is the opinion of most young couples! L. S. M. is engaged to a "sweet young thing" (his words, not mine!), and writes: "Should her brothers-in-law kiss her? She has two married sisters, and both the husbands kiss my girl. Frankly, I object. I don't think it is right. My sweetheart says she doesn't mind, because they have always kissed her since she was a girl of fourteen."——

Don't worry, L. S. M. There are plenty of ways out of this little difficulty. Get married as soon as you can, is one. Then if her brothers-in-law kiss your wife, you can retaliate by kissing their wives! That would stop it quick enough! Seriously speaking, if you talk the matter over with your sweetheart she will see your point of view, I am sure. She can then tell her married sisters, who will pass the information on to the proper quarter. Then you can have a monopoly of her kisses!

READS BOTH WAYS.

THE Footlines Contest, in which I asked for sentences reading both ways brought me many clever attempts, and here are a few which I think will interest you:

Toil is laborious and long, but rest is short and sweet.

Sweet and short is rest, but long and laborious is toil.

Deservedly valued and rarely met are resolute and unselfish minds.

Minds unselfish and resolute are met rarely and valued deservedly.

Wise men make mistakes.

Mistakes make men wise.

Awards in Footline Contests will be found on Page 476.

THE NIMBLE NINEPENCE.

T. C. R. writes: "Can you kindly tell me how the saying that a nimble ninepence beats a slow shilling arose?"——

The phrase, T. C. R., really is, "nimble as ninepence." It arose in this way. Silver ninepences were common till the year 1696, when they were abolished. These ninepences were very *pliable*, or nimble, and, when bent, sweethearts gave them to one another as love tokens.

By the way, talking of nimble ninepences, have you sent a nimble one to the Fresh Air Fund? You can send a slow shilling if you like, but send it quickly, please. You mustn't think because the winter is coming on that it is no use trying to help the kiddies. The more you help now, the more little waifs will be made happy next summer.

Send along that nimble ninepence, if you please!

FRESH AIR FUND FIGURES.

Amounts to hand since the last list was published.

A Grateful Servant, £2; Smut, 3s.; W. White, 10d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Miss Jenkins, 1s. 6d.; C. Fleming, 9d.; M. N. C. B., 7s. 6d.; H. C. Scutt, 1s.; A. A. F., 1s. 6d.; C. Lovering, 9d.; Telescope, 10s.; Anon., 8d.; Miller, 4s. 1d.; J. Mathie, 1s.; H. Hudd, 2s. 6d.; L. Woollens, 1s. 6d.; E. G. Salmon, 2s.; E. S., 2d.; S. Walsh, 1s.; G. Kinloch, 1s. 8d.; M. E. Burtenshaw, 3s. 6d.; H. W. B., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Whaley, 2s. 3d.; J. McDonald, 5s.; A Well Wisher, 10s.; T. H., 10s.; Anon., 3s.; Baby's Birthday, 5s.; A. E. T., 1s. 6d.; Roy Murray, £1; M. and G. Williams, 9d.; H. Smith, 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Chi-act, 9d.; H. M. C., 1s.; Gwen Sloan, 9d.; A. B. M., 2s. 3d.; Blank (two), 1s.; Cornwall, 2s. 6d.; In Memory of Bob, October 26th, 4s. 6d.; C. A. S., 9d.; Nan and Googie, 2s. 6d.; C. B. Worrall, 9d.; F. J. Penfold, 3s.; Goggles, 6d.; T. W. H., 2s.; L. E. Raymond, 5s.; Unclaimed, 2s.; Thankful, Manchester, £1; P. Y., 1s.; E. M. Gardner, 9d.; Glos., 9d.; I. E. S., 2s. 3d.; J. T., West Australia, £3 10s.; Mr Govett, New Zealand, £5; H. Jefferson, 10s.; Anon., 5s.; R. B. H., 2s. 6d.

COLLECTED: Readers of the CHRISTIAN, per Messrs. Morgan and Scott, £2 1s.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Diadem*, £1 10s. 6d.; J. de L., 4s. 6d.; Amounts sent in with Sparklets, 5s. 3d.; Sent in with Football Competition, £4 16s. 11d.; Sent in with Postcards, £1 3s. 2d.; Canteen of H.M.S. *Philomel*, £2 10s.; Barbara, Joe, and Pattie, 10s.; Alfred J. Roberts, of Liverpool, £3 12s.; In the Northern Territory of Australia, £6; Master and crew of S.S. *Brittany*, £2 9s.; Proceeds of hair cutting on S.S. *Glamorgan*, 12s. 6d.; Sent in with Picture Competition; £2 10s. 2d.; Sent in with Football Competition, £3 2s. 3d.; Sent in with Postcards, £1 19s. 3d.; Nellie and Maude Fell, 3s.; Proceeds of concert on H.M.S. *Astraea*, per Capt. E. B. Kiddle, £30; In a box at 84, Strand, 7s. 6d.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.

3. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.

4. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, November 9th.

5. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

6. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

504 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 & 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any** person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonth's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature .....

Available from 9 a.m. Wednesday, November 1st, 1911, until midnight, Thursday, November 9th, 1911.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMP

1. All answers or attempts must [illegible] cards, addressed to the Editor, [illegible] Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

2. You may take part in any number of competitions, but you must reply to each on a separate postcard.

3. Mark each postcard with the number for which it is intended in the top left-hand [illegible] will find this same in the announcement in the footline. Provided these [illegible] all the postcards may be sent in [illegible] "Postcard" in the top left hand [illegible] must bear the full name and address [illegible]

4. All attempts must arrive not later [illegible] November 29th.

5. Each competition will be judged [illegible] prizes, as announced in the footlines, [illegible] the efforts considered the best.

6. In the event of ties for a money [illegible] be divided, and, where the awards are [illegible] be awarded at the discretion of the Ed[illegible]

This Insurance Scheme covers a[illegible] travelling as a passenger in [illegible] of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY [illegible]

We pay any number of claims in [illegible] of each accident—not the first cla[illegible]

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURA[illegible]
(For ter[illegible] bel[illegible]

504 CLAIMS ALREADY [illegible]
including three of £2,000 and one [illegible]

This Insurance holds good for any number [illegible] £1,000 each—not for one only. £1,000 [illegible] by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GU[illegible] PORATION, LIMITED, 36 & 44 M[illegible] E.C., to whom notices of claim, under clause [illegible] must be sent within seven days to the above [illegible]

£1,000 will be paid by the above [illegible] legal representative of any [illegible] an accident in Great Britain [illegible] passenger train in which [illegible] **travelling as a passenger** (except [illegible] railway sorting vans), and who, at the time [illegible] had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance [illegible] page, or the paper in which it is, with his [illegible] ture, written in ink or pencil, on the space [illegible] This paper may be left at his, or her, place [illegible] the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum [illegible] legal representative of such person injured [illegible] from such accident within three calendar [illegible] and that notice of the accident be given [illegible] of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, [illegible] servant on duty, nor a [illegible] illegal act, having the current [illegible] *Weekly* on him, or her, at the [illegible] by a railway accident in the United Kingdom [illegible] *an accident to any train in which he, or she, [illegible] a passenger*, the legal representative of the [illegible] the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, [illegible] be signed or not, provided notice in [illegible] OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORP[illegible] 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., w[illegible] the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to [illegible] tative of any cyclist who meets his death [illegible] actually riding a cycle, provided that [illegible] such accident had in his, or her, possession [illegible] Coupon on this page, or the paper in which [illegible] her, usual signature, written in ink or [illegible] provided at the foot, and that death [illegible] hours thereafter, and that notice was given [illegible] the said Corporation at above address [illegible] occurrence. This paper may be left [illegible] abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid [illegible] tive of anyone dying as the direct [illegible] inflicted upon him (or her) within [illegible] fating aeroplane, provided that death [illegible] four hours from the receipt of the [illegible] shall prior to the accident have signed [illegible] Ticket in the space provided at the [illegible] not at the time be on the aeroplane [illegible] and that notice of the accident be given [illegible] within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence [illegible]

This insurance holds good for the [illegible] and entitles the holder to the benefit [illegible] conditions of, the "**Ocean Accident [illegible] Company, Limited, Act,**" 1890. [illegible]

The Purchase of this Publication [illegible] ment of a Premium under Section [illegible] Act can be seen at the office of this [illegible] corporation. No person can recover on [illegible] Insurance Ticket of this paper in respect [illegible]

Subscribers who have duly paid a [illegible] scription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY [illegible] newsagent, or to the Publisher, need [illegible] covered by their subscription, sign the [illegible] the paper on their person. It is only [illegible] the newsagent's receipt to the publisher [illegible] Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a [illegible] sent in exchange.

Signature .....

Available from 9 a.m. Wednesday, N[illegible] until midnight, Thursday, Novemb[illegible]

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's [illegible]
Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, [illegible] Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street.

[illegible] whose suggestion for a [illegible]

Life-Size Doll

Improved. Over 2 ft. high.

All ready stuffed.

2/6 carriage paid.

Ready to place in your child's arms.

Whose little girl has not yet received our famous Life-Size Doll? A Doll nearly as big as herself.

If Mamma can give one of baby's outgrown dresses that her little daughter can put on and off, button and unbutton to her heart's desire, our indestructible doll, which outlives a dozen wax dolls, will live in that child's memory long after childhood's days have passed.

Send P.O. for **2/6** and the famous Life-Size Doll comes carefully packed by return of post. Money returned if not satisfied.

Price of Doll not made up, **1/6** post paid.

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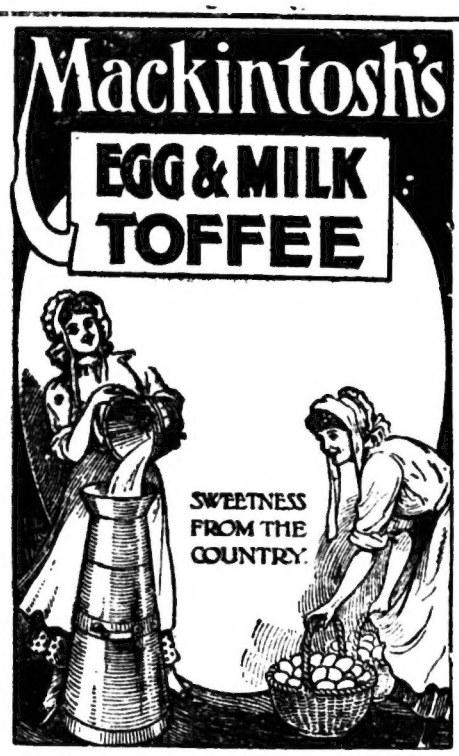

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in Cocoa—no leaves or dregs or useless sediment. Cocoa is all nourishment—the word itself means "Food of the Gods." It is one of Nature's best gifts to mankind, and every year finds it more and more relied upon by those who study health and diet.

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NOTHING TO LEAVE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP.

PRECIOUS TO THE LAST DROP.

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See the amazing revelations of food adulteration in the article "Frauds in Food," which appears in the November

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

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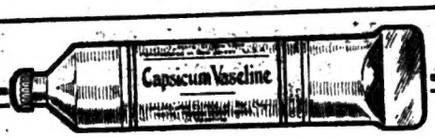

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Its application is the safest, simplest, and best home remedy for all pains and colds in the chest, throat, and lungs; stomach cramps, chilblains, and all rheumatic, neuralgic, and gouty complaints; also particularly effective for headache and toothache.

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Ordinary washing and brushing are not effective for preventing germs attacking the hair—those germs which destroy the roots and prevent growth. The hair can be kept perfectly clean and the roots healthy, by using every day a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. No need for vigorous rubbing or to use large quantities. It will restore and preserve the strength of the hair.

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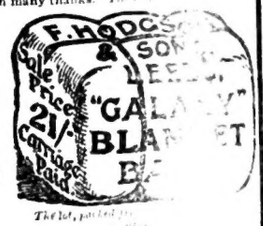
12 BLANKETS, 21/-

Offered Below Wholesale

MONEY RETURNED IN [illegible] IF NOT FULLY SATISFIED

Testimonial.

Lady Maria Ponsonby received the [illegible] safe yesterday with many thanks. [illegible]



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2 Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets, a most useful blanket, size 50in. by 70in., bordered.

2 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets, [illegible] and comfortable, well-finished and edged, size 51in. by 7[illegible]

2 Large Coloured Shetland Blankets, very durable, warm, and comfortable, full size, 45in. by 65in.

2 Warm Woollen Blankets, soft Twill make, splendid [illegible] size 82in. by 54in., weight 5lb. Very warm.

2 Cream Coloured Warm, Fine-Quality Crib Blankets, soft as velvet, wash well, and beautiful finish, full size.

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